THE LAST VIEW OF OLD FORT STEVENSON.

KALEIDOSCOPIC LIVES.

A COMPANION BOOK

TO

FRONTIER AND INDIAN LIFE.

BY

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"Frontier and Indian Life," Etc.

Illustrated.

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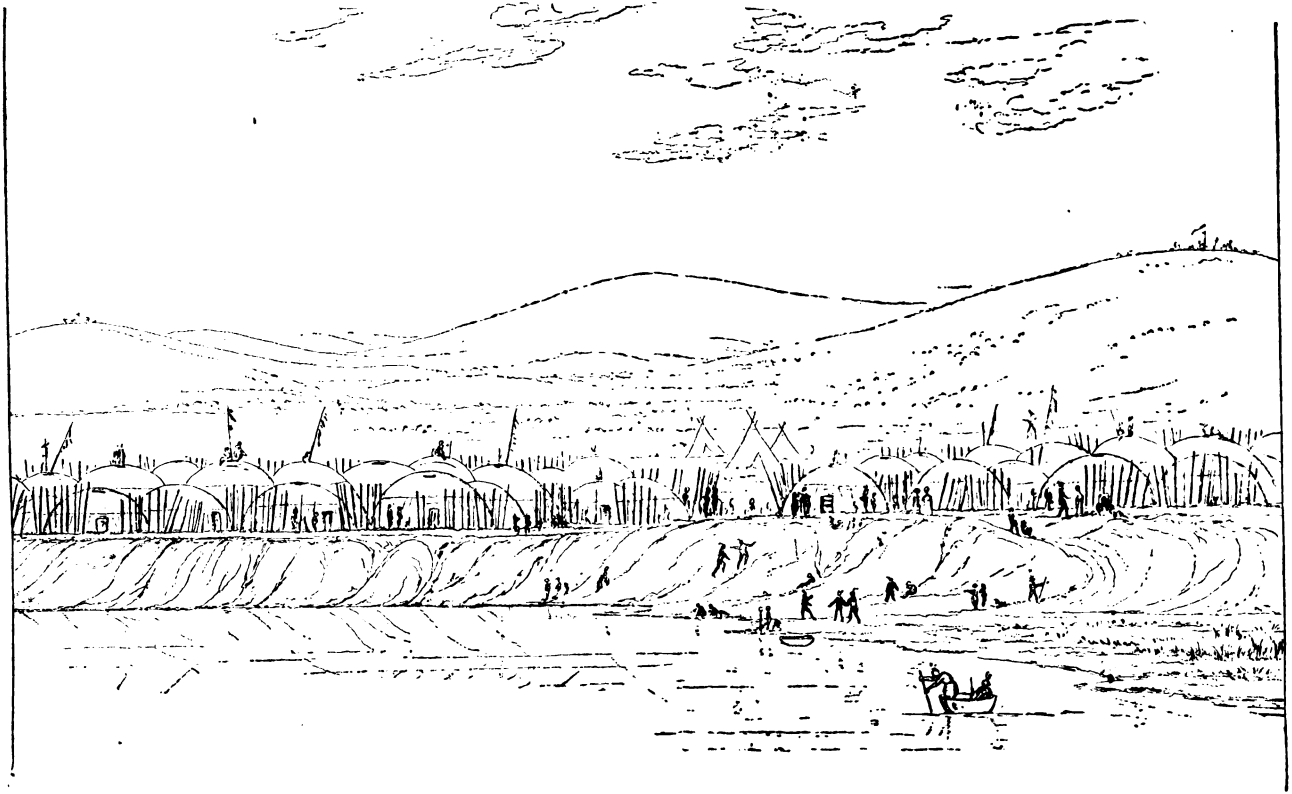
PREFACE.

IN the introduction of this little book the writer hopes to contribute his mite in affirmation of the oft quoted saying that "truth is stranger than fiction." The scenes described are but realities in manifold diversity of human character that is to be seen in everyday life, though not always regularly made note of by students of the diverse in this living, breathing mass of beings that come and go. Our exhibit is from a few turns only, as seen through the lens of a kaleidoscope and in the swirls, we witness the transformation from light to shade—from moss agate to diamonds—from pearl to oyster shell.

In some of the earlier editions of "Frontier and Indian Life," two or three of the sketches herein appearing were a part of that work, but after a more perfect conception of the facts related and some added information, were naturally placed under proper title. The author also deems it necessary to state that while the truthfulness of these strangly dramatic doings herein chronicled will stand without question, but for reasons that the reader may readily understand, in a few of the characters a non de plume is used, and that while their lineal tracing may be vague, the renditions are none the less perfect even though in masked appellation.

THE AUTHOR.

ARICAREE VILLAGE NEAR REES OWN RIVER.—Drawn on the spot by Catlin in 1832.



ARICAREE VILLAGE NEAR REES OWN RIVER.—Drawn on the spot by Catlin in 1832.

THE HICKORY GROVE AT ZION.

FOR intense enthusiasm among the American people few political contests excelled the presidential campaign of 1856. While lacking the boisterous good nature that enlivened the Clay and senior Harrison campaigns which were more of the adulation or hero worship order—rather than of discussion on the divergent principles of government evolved in the administration of its affairs. The campaign of 1856, was, aside from local or minor issues engendered, discussed on lines marked out by eminent statesmen and on its educational merits. The slavery issue had become paramount in the politics of the nation, and the question—should Afro-American slavery be excluded from or extended to the western territories was the subject ever under discussion during that eventful year. But in the Lincoln-Breckinridge-Douglas and Bell campaign that followed four years later, argument on the slavery subject became superfluous and the measured tread of the newly formed wide-a-wake organizations bearing torches and drilled in the military step, plainly gave sign that a coming event were casting forth its ominous shadow.

During the 1856 campaign the writer, then a

boy of twelve years of age, and residing under the paternal roof near the Mason and Dixon line, became acutely interested in the public meetings and parades of the various partisans,—the whole performance being a peep into the unusual for one whose years had been few,—the Pierce and Scott campaign of four years before seeming as an imperfect dream.

About the middle of September large, printed posters adorned the panels of village stores or on finger boards at country cross roads, and with spread-eagle cuts announced a political meeting of the American or Fillmore party to be held at the hickory grove at Zion. Zion was the name of a little church some miles south of the Pennsylvania line. Prominent speakers were to be in attendance— so the posters read—and in the exhuberence of youth I joined a party of campaigners with flags unfurled and bunting flying, until the crowd of people about the grand stand in the grove attracted our attention and we become a part of the assemblage.

There were fully one thousand people of both sexes and of all ages from the infant in its mother's arms, to the tottering old man who had marked the passing of every presidential succession since Washington's day. After music by the band came the speakers who discussed themes from various points of view but all bearing on the support of Millard Fillmore for president. Maryland's future senator—White—was there; J. Dixon Roman, a Baltimore attorney of prominence was on hand,and

other rostrom speakers of lesser reputation made short addresses interspersed with applause and thus the afternoon hours were whiled away. By and by the crimson sun hung over the distant hills of the Octoraro, and many rose from their seats in the intervals of the addresses to prepare for their home journeying. Scenes about the benches became uproar and families were seeking their carriages, all seemingly satisfied with the program of the day. While confusion was reigning among the intending homegoers, a hack drove rapidly up to the grand stand, a single occupant alighted and the driver skurried out and away. The chairman announced a new speaker, but the noise was so deafening but few could catch the name. His appearance would indicate a professor of some school of learning. He seemed somewhat undersized, complexion of a florid hue; had grey or blue eyes and a large shock of hair of auburn red. He cultivated a heavy drooping mustache; otherwise a smoothe shaven face with a serious expression. He wore a jaunty cap and a man's shawl hung in apparent negligence over his right shoulder. In his opening remarks his voice was very low—so indistinct, indeed, that their meaning could only be guessed at. But as his tones modulated in consonance with the gentle winds,--- now high now low--a soft cadence keeping in seeming unsion with leaf-laden boughs of the hickories overhead, had wonderful effect. With a boys observation I noted the change in my environs. I found myself hedged in by a living mass of silent beings pres-

sing toward the speaker's stand. Every mortal of them seemed entranced. Every eye fixed on the speaker's stand and all apparently oblivious to the living world about them save the waving shock of red hair and strange weird voice. People had left their carriages,—the home goers had turned, faltered and then joined the surging mass —likened unto a hiving swarm of bees. It was a large audience under an unknown spell—a hypnotized congregation. Fully an hour or more the speakers strangely musical tones went on, and as if imitating the very trees overhead, his voice gradually lulled, and then came silence. A hack suddenly drove up, the orator replaced his shawl and cap and entering the vehicle was as hurriedly sped away as he had been brought. The spell was broken. The chairman, as one waking from a dream shouted:

"Three cheers and a tiger for Henry Winter Davis, the Henry Clay of Maryland."

And in response came a mighty roar from the belated audience,that echoed and re-echoed among these old wind shaken hickories of Zion—the like of which never did occur nor doubt we, ever will occur there again.

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Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland!

While yet a student in the university through his suburb oratory he restrained the bad passions of the Plug Uglies and Dead Rabbits two of the most ungovernable bands of hard characters that ever controlled the destiny of the then toughest

city in the United States—Baltimore.

Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland, who more than any one man called off the mobs of Baltimore that were attacking the troops under President Lincoln's first call in their passage through that beligerent city.

Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland. Whose loyalty to the Union there was no question As a representative of Congress he stood forth almost alone its Demothenies—its Cicero—its Henry Clay, although as members about him sat Blaine, sat Conkling, sat Schuyler Colfax. And after the eloquent Marylander's death in 1865, when some enthusiastic admirer of the New York statesman said through a leading newspaper that the "mantel of Henry Winter Davis had fallen on the broad shoulders of Roscoe Conkling," or words to that effect, and among other sentences elicited from Blaine the now famous response:

"Mud to marble—dunghill to diamond! Oh, ye gods save us a profination of his holy name."

Words that made a schism in the Republican party; ruined Conkling and lost the presidency of the United States to the intellectual giant from Maine.

ON THE PLANK ROAD AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

DESCRIPTION of a battle by an actual participant—contrary to general belief— is often faulty and of limited scope. He may be accurate in the occurances about him, and under his eye, but on a great battle field covering several square miles in which from one to two hundred thousand men are engaged, with the smoke and dust; the deafening roar of artillery and rattle of musketery the groans of dying men and neighing of the disabled horse—his description must necessarily be imperfect. Nothing could better illistrate this than to note how widely different people view an ordinary street fight or saloon fracas as instranced by the eye witnesses in a police court, although they are sworn to tell the truth and "nothing but the truth." It may be said in controvertion that many of these court witnesses were partisans to the case in question. But is it not the same on the battlefield? For aside from the open enemy, bickerings and jealousies between, company, regimental, brigade, divisions or corps, enter into the coloring of a description of a battle scene by an interested eye witness. Passing strange, indeed. if it did not.

Of the many histories of the American civil war by actual participants, imperfections as above noted are frequent. Even the accounts of the generals in command differ widely on scenes and actions in which there should be no divergence. How much more pardonable then, in the accounts given to the world by the war correspondent, the understrapper or plain soldier. The truth is the most realistic discriptions of great battles come from writers who witessed only through the "mind's eye," with the gathering of details that, like pure wines improve with age. Official reports and details of action placed in the hands of a Victor Hugo as was the scenes at Waterloo, or our own Washington Irving, Prescott or Lippard, carry us nearer to our ideas of the actual than the participant with a limited range. These reflections do not apply to a skirmish or engagement of small compass, but to a Malvern Hill—a Bull Run—a Chancellorsville or a Gettysburg.

On the 29th day of April, 1863, the writer found himself astride of his ninth horse since the winter of '61 and was moving with Pleasanton's cavalry command across the Rappahannock at Kelly's ford. Although putting down my name in one company in the original make up, I had done duty in another since leaving camp in Nicetown Lane, on the old Germantown road near Philadelphia, in August, 1861. Had resented the perfidy of a recruiting officer; had refused to muster, and in imitation of a knight errant went over into the black horse (C) company and followed the for-

tunes of the brave Irish leader through the first four campaigns of the Potomac army, and until his death on the wilderness road south of the Chancellorsville house. And even before,—though but a "kid" of seventeen years—I had veteranized*—if four month's term could be called such—under President Lincon's first call after Fort Sumpter had fallen and communication with the national capital cut off by a Baltimore mob. This by way of preface.

On Saturday morning our squadron (C and D) moved down the south side of the Rappahannock, passing the old brick tavern of Chancellorsville to our right and soon entered a timber lined road leading to an opening. On the under boughs of a big tree sat a fine specimen of the Virginia horned owl—and I think if ever this bird of wisdom kept up his reputation, that old fellow did. The boys yelled "hoo-hoo, hoo hoo," but never a word back did he speak, although he might in truth have said: "Don't be too gay boys, you may need my face by and by." In reaching a hollow. a halt was made and skirmish line deployed. While waiting I had a chat with a company D boy who had just been returned from a Philadelphia hospital where he was for six months or more. He looked in robust health—said he felt splendid and had a good time. We almost envied him his good fortune as he sat on his horse, togged out in a new uniform and clean white collar. Alas! how swift

* In Co. G, 2nd Pa. Vol.

the changes come to some of us. The young fellow's bright uniform drew attention from a Confederate sharp shooter; a bullet cut a jugular vein and his body was taken to the rear and buried among the pines. All of this happening within an hour's time.

After changing our position several times, we filed down on the broad pike leading south and again passing the Chancellorsville tavern to the right, General Joe Hooker stood leaning against a post watching us as we passed by, surrounded by his aids and other officers. After advancing a half mile or more we halted to the left of the turnpike road and at the end of a clearing facing a large body of scrub pine timber. Here was found General Pleasonton with the greater part of his cavalry division, dismounted, but not unsaddled. We afterward learned this move was to support General Sickels, who was on the road leading to Fredericksburg. We were also ordered to dismount, but not unsaddle, and for the next two or three hours lay around without much order holding our horses by the bridle reins, and munching occasionally at our fast depleting seven days rations with which we had loaded our haversacks down at Falmouth, three days before. While reclining on a bed of grass looking up at the blue sky, I noted a big bird—a bald or fish eagle sweep across the cleared space, and high up in air. The sun was rapidly sinking to the tops of the pine trees and the air calm and serene. I remember of wishing that I could have that high flyer's view

and know just what was going on about us. It was well for our content that the eagle alone saw the culmination of events that an hour would bring forth; the veil of the future hid the scenes of the coming day, for in this clearing in which we were then so quietly resting was even before the light of the morrow stewn with hundreds of ghastly and bloody corpses uniformed in both the blue and the grey. Here and there occasional cannonading had been going on in our front all afternoon, but all at once a continuous rattle of musketry and some cannon shooting was heard down through the pine forest to our right. Soon came skurring orderlies, and Pleasanton called for Major Keenan, who after a few hurried words came toward us with that well known smile that seem to come most to him in critical times—or in other words it was a danger signal for his men. This was illustrated at the time by young Early—the kid of the company saying aloud as the Major approached: "There is somethiug up boys, see old Baldy smile." "Baldy" was the Major's pet name by his old company. A second later Keenan's voice rang out:

"Prepare to mount. Mount. To the right by fours. Trot march," and down into the pines we went, turning at the first left hand road. While first a trot then a gallop, with Keenan at the head head of "A" with the other companies of his command following in alphabetical order.

From the poet George Parsons Lathrop we now call on to more clearly illustrate the finish in this scene by some extracts from his "Keenan's Charge:"

The sun had set;
  The leaves with dew were wet,—
Down fell a bloody dusk
  Where Stonewall's corps, like a beast of prey,
Tore through with angry tusk.

The Eleventh corps breaking:—

Broke and fled.
  Not one stayed,—but the dead!
With curses, shrieks, and cries,
  Horses, and wagons, and men,
Tumbled back through the shuddering glen,
  And above us the fading skies.

The charge:—

By the shrouded gleam of the Western skies
  Brave Keenan looked into Pleasanton's eyes
For an instant,—clear, and cool and still;
  Then, with a smile, he said: "I will."

"Cavalry, charge!" Not a man of them shrank.
  Their sharp, full cheer, from rank on rank,
Rose joyously, with a willing breath,—
  Rose like a greeting hail to death.

Then forward they sprang, and spurred, and clashed;
  Shouted the officers, crimson-sashed;
Rode well the men, each brave as his fellow,
  In their faded coats of the blue and yellow;
And above in the air, with an instinct true,
  Like a bird of war their pennon flew.

With clank of scabbard, and thunder of steeds,
  And blades that shine like sunlit reeds,
And strong brown faces bravely pale
  For fear their proud attempt shall fail,
Three hundred Pennsylvanians close
  On twice ten thousand gallant foes.

Line after line the troopers came
  To the edge of the wood that was ringed with flame;
Rode in, and sabred, and shot,—and fell;
  Nor one came back his wounds to tell,
And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall,
  In the gloom like a martyr awaiting his fall,

While the circle-stroke of his sabre, swung
'Round his head, like a halo there, luminous hung.

Line after line, ay, whole platoons,
Struck dead in their saddles, of brave dragoons,
By the maddened horses were onward borne,
And into the vortex flung, trampled and torn;
As Keenan fought with his men, side by side,
So they rode, till there were no more to ride.
And over them, lying there shattered and mute,
What deep echo rolls?—'Tis the death-salute
From the cannon in place; for, heroes, you braved
Your fate not in vain; the army was saved!

Over them now,—year following year,—
Over their graves the pine-cones fall,
And the whippoorwill chants his spectre call;
But they stir not again, they raise no cheer;
They have ceased. But their glory shall never cease.
Nor their light be quenched in the light of peace.
The rush of their charge is resounding still
That saved the army at Chancellorsville.

We believe the opinion stands with all military experts who witnessed or participated in the events of Chancellorsville that the presence of mind in Pleasanton putting up Keenan and his men on the sacrifical alter saved Hooker's whole army of over one hundred thousand men from a more terrible disaster than befell McDowell at the first Bull Run. And what was Pleasanton's reward? Promotion! No. Sent out west to fight Marmaduke and Pap Price, which he did to the finish, and thirty years after the war was over, died in want in a Washington garret, refusing the proffer of a pitiful pension—as a direct insult from political generals to one of the most high minded and patriotic officers of the American civil war.

ONE OF KEENAN'S TROOPERS.

THE TWO STRANGERS.

ONE evening about the 20th of June, 1868, a group of guests including the writer, sat in the office of the old hotel with its varying names of Ash, International and the Merchants, then hostel headquarters of Yankton, Dakota's territorial capital. Supper was over, and the loungers were taking their ease. About this time, a young man sprang nimbly in the doorway, and asked for the proprietor. He seemed about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, of medium size, dark grey eyes, smooth shaven face and dark head of hair enclined to curl. His round full face had a clerical cast, and the cut of his clothes—if they had not such a seedy, threadbare look—would have solified this impression. On the landlord's appearance the stranger asked for supper, breakfast and lodging. With a swift glance the host asked his guest for his baggage, and on being informed that he was not incumbered, the landlord told him it was his rule in such cases to ask for his pay in advance. This, after much rumaging in his pockets, and some confusion in his manner, was placed in the landlord's hands, after which the stranger was shown in the dining room. With the new arrival's exit from the office some disparaging remarks were indulged in by the lounger's at the expense of the personal appearance of the

travel-stained stranger. One remarked that his shirt bosom had not seen soap suds for a month, while another, espied the stranger's bell crowned beaver hanging upon the hat rack, said that "such a tile should be made to uniform with the rest of his duds," and proceeded to smash in its crown with his fists.*

In the meantime the bossee of the hotel with instructions from the proprietor, went out and locked the stables securely, saying after having done so.

"Yes sir-ee, we have a horse thief with us to night, and we'll have to watch things?"

It is needless to add that the stranger was shadowed until retiring to his room for the nights rest. Morning found everything safe about the hotel, and the young man under suspicion's ban politely announced that he was seeking employment, and would be glad to obtain it. The usual spring rush of young men from the east had filled up the vacant places, and the only job in sight offered was a line of post holes to be dug at the edge of town and although in the full heat of summer days he cheerfully accepted the task, and with coat off and bared head he tugged and perspired at his work the long days through, and although doubtlessly

*This act was done by a burly brute named Dugan, who through a court technecality had just been released from custody for the cowardly murder of a twelve year old boy at or near Cheyenne, Wyoming. A year later he reached the end of a vigilante's rope for the murder of an old man near Denver, Colorado.

well fagged when the sun hid itself behind the low range of hills overlooking this little frontier capital, he did not complain of it. The idlers on the veranda of the hotel who were vainly waiting Dame Fortune's deferred visit, with broad grins on their faces and "cutting" remarks with their tongues, as they watched the weary toiler take off his heavy plug and sit it on the ground beside himself while at work.

The writer of these lines was employed at this time on a printer's case in the old Dakotain office on Territorial book work, and after meals at the hotel it was customary before going to my case in the office to take a few minutes stroll to the river front in recreative exercise. I noted, also at this time that the stranger had the same habit and we sometimes met there. One morning after breakfast an incident of this kind occurred. The opening of the day was beautiful,—a heavy fog just raising above the sand bars in our front, while the big rising sun seemed in crimson blush, now and again obscured by the passing of the fog veil, To our right under the chalky bluffs, Presho's woods—now but a memory—its forest of dew bathed leaves glinted and danced in the rays of the sun beams. In the high willows facing the timber, fifteen or twenty lodges of the red Santees were serenely poising, and now and again a wreath of blue smoke curling high in air. A few of the swarthy occupants were sauntering upon the sands or fileing along the narrow foot trail toward's "Shad-owa-towa" or "Charley Pecotte's

town" as the native red people thereabout persisted in calling the ambitious capital city to the distraction of some of its good people.

The stranger stood for some moments with a gloomy face as he peered out upon the river, and the living panorama spread before him. Whatever his thoughts were I could not conjure. Was he gazing beyond the rising mist, if so what did he see? Suddenly the lines of his smooth round face lost its care worn look, his grey eyes heretofore shaded or hid in their sockets by pertruding brows, now seemed beaming in playfull mood, and assuming an elocutionary attitude and waving his hand in the direction of the tepees in the willows, with real eloquent pathos declaimed Pope's beautiful lines beginning with:—

"Lo the poor Indian whose untutored mind
Sees God in the clouds, and hears him in the wind,
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hopes has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, a humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of moods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends tormants, no Christian thirst for gold."

After a few compliments on his declamatory style, we dropped into a discourse, and in concluding said that he supposed, in his present plight, it would be hard work to convince the people of Yankton that he was the brother of a doctor; the son of a doctor; a graduate of Ann Arbor Uni-

son of a doctor; a graduate of Ann Arbor University a practitioner physican himself with a graduating course finished and a diplomo to show for it. In reply I freely admitted such a declaration would be in the nature of a surprise to the people there; that there was room for another physician in the Territory; that I would issue the initial number of the DAKOTA DEMOCRAT in a few days, and as an earnest of my faith in his ascending star would publish his card in the first issue without any charge to himself—and so a surprise was sprung on that line, in the first issue of the DEMOCRAT, July 8th, 1868.

About two weeks or more after the paper had appeared, this doctor or "quack" as the loungers persisted in calling him—invited me to his room at our hotel. He was in good spirits and said things were going right with him. On his table a brimming bucket of beer had been placed, fresh on tap from Russtacher's frontier brewery. We were not alone. Sitting on a chair and reclining against the wall was the face of a stranger. He arose and was introduced as "Mr. Stevenson, of Iowa. tragedian and dramatic reader." The man was young, tall, rather sandy complexioned, with a gruff hearty, self-assuring manner. Had just took a run up there from Sioux City, he said, to see a link in his destiny. The link though a lately welded one he added, was none the less well forged, and of good material.

After some pleasant repartee, in which I joined, they mutually told the story of their first meeting

at Missouri Valley Juncton, some weeks before. They were both financially stranded, confided their troubles to each other, and mutually agreed to "raise the wind." They footed it over to Magnolia, twenty miles or more, rented a hall on promises, "stood off" the printer and billed the town for Shakesperian readings and comicalities. After two or three nights,—printers bill paid, they came up the grade and landed with three dollars and seventy-five cents wrapped up in the company exchequer. A division of sentiment as to business prospects in that town demanded a division of company property, and stranger Number One crossed Big Sioux bridge with one dollar and thirty-five cents to meet his star of destiny in the land of the Dakotas. It was in this manner they had told their story. After the departure of the next Iowa bound stage, the face of stranger Number Two, was missing at the International.

Many years later—being in a reminiscent mood while resting at a ranch—I told this story. Comrade Mercer, who had been listening, thought he could help me a little further along with stranger Number Two, and begged pardon for the interruption. Here is what he said:

"I was down working in a brick yard in Sioux City, Iowa, in the autumn of 1868. One night in early September, I saw a large crowd gathering in front of the balcony of the leading hotel. Upon enquiry, I was told it was an open air political meeting,—so elbowed my way along the street,

following up the crowd. I could hear the speaker making his sallies, and see the clouds of hats go up, and hear the thunders of applause that greeted his eloquent passages of approving words.

"Who is that speaker," I asked of an old citizen as I passed along, "making all that uproar up yonder?"

"Oh, that is Orator Stevenson," said old citizen.

"Who is Orator Stevenson?" I asked, for I was an eastern tenderfoot then.

"Oh. I don't know," replied old citizen, tersely, "the Republican State Central Committee have engaged him to even up the State ticket majorities with Grant and Colfax, and I guess he can do it—if any talker can."

And he did. Results lined up with the orator's efforts on the stump and the hall rostrum.

About the horse thief suspect of the International—Yankton's quack saw bones—or Stranger Number One—the reader might kindly enquire—what had became of him. We can answer, referring to the old adage about sometime deception on first appearance, that it will hold good in this case. Stranger Number One had a large compass to go on, but in our concluding here, his later movements will be curtly told. Somtime after the events I have related in these opening pages, he courted and married a daughter of the leading Dakotain—called in those early days the Father of the Territory. He, also like Stranger

Number Two, became a party leader and an able, eloquent public speaker. And medical quack,—well—for over twenty years thereafter—or until his death—he stood Territorial Dakota's formost physician.

LONG SOLDIER,

Uncpapa Chief, whose band harrassed the Garrison at old Fort Rice in the Sixties.

ON DIVERGING LINES.

ON the south bank of the Missouri, nine miles north of where the Cannonball river joins that great Continental artery, terminate the range of isolated and uneven highlands now generally termed the Little Heart ridge. If the Gros Ventre Indians can bring forth plain truth from their legend of the summit of these upheaved crags, it was here one fifth of the remnant of that tribe rested and were saved from the destruction that overwhelmed so many of their people several hundred years ago, when the floodgates from the ice bound Arctic seas were unloosened and a deluge of waters poured down the Saskatchewan depression, and submerged all but the extreme high points of land, only decreasing in depth as the waters spread out on the wide southern plains on its destructive path to join the tepid stream in the Mexican gulf.

About one mile south of this ridge can be seen a few isolated bluffs for the most part bare of vegetation, and on their topmost peaks, round openings, that at the distance of the bluff's base, to an ordinary eye, seem portholes from a frowning fortress. In these cones, as early as the opening days of this century, the first intrepid explorers of the now dominent race, saw flying hither and thither from these apertures the proudest birds in all this land—the war eagle of the wild Indians.

Across the Missouri, and northeast of these described lands, but some miles away was a body of water known to the native Sioux as "Mde Hanska" or the Long Lake. Apart from its shape—long and narrow—the lake had no significance, except that its boggy shores sheltered broods of wild fowl, and its location a convenient camping place for hunters of the antelope.

In the order of marking time—being then the month of July, 1864,—part of the Sully expedition, a command of several thousand soldiers sent out by the government to punish and subdue certain hostile bands of the Sioux in the nortwest, had reached this vicinity, just described, when a detatchment of the 50th regiment of Wisconsin volunteers, acting under orders from the Washington war office, and who were encamped near the creek at the base of the cone hills, commenced to slash down the timber of neighboring groves, and tear up the virgin sod and manufacture adobe or sun dried brick,—so familiar in the construction of dwellings of the natives of New and old Mexico.

The building of a "soldier tepee" at that point was not relished by the wary Sioux. They could not understand the motive of the white soldiers in wanting to build a "big war house" among the cone hills that had long been sacred precincts of incubation of this bird of war; whose tail feathers transferred to their own heads were badges of a warrior's rank—marked in degree—one tail feather for each "coo" that would count for an

enemy slain. Thus in pride, not even in name would they associate these invading white soldiers with the home of the war eagle, or the miniature Mount Arrat of the Gros Ventres, but as long as the banner floated in the breeze, or a log rested upon the site of barrack or watch tower, that marked the historic ground of old Fort Rice, the Yankton Sioux and their allied bands persisted in calling that military post, "Mde Hanska Akecita Tepee" or as interpreted into plain English,—Long Lake Soldier house.

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Across the river from Fort Rice in these days of the military occupation, and a few miles down stream was a piece of low land known as the "lower hay bottom." It was here—except in very dry seasons—that the hay contractor could finish up his provender contract with the post quartermaster, but in these exceptional cases a further haul was made upon the matted hay lands of the Horsehead, a few miles further down stream. But it was the "lower hay bottom" that interested the writer and some traveling companions in the autumn of 1869, when a comrade who had done duty in the regimental band at the fort had told his story of an incident of the haying season, and pointed out a clump of oak as the spot made noted by a fortold death. Our musical comrade of the journey had joined us at Fort Sully, being on his return from a furlough east. Upon after inquiry among the soldiers of the garrison his story was confirmed, and one of these

soldiers and after scout—Gros Ventre Thompson —recounted this dream mystery, frequently, up to the day of his death—twenty eight years after.

Here is the record as related at the time:

In the haying season at the frontier military posts, especially when there was danger from hostile Indian raids, it was customary for post commanders to furnish the hay contractors' with a soldier escort both for the hay camp proper as well as the moving train of hay haulers. The camp detail was usually made for the week, commencing Monday mornings. At the opening of the haying season of 1868 at Fort Rice, the usual demand was made on the post commandant for escort for the lower haying camp, as small war parties of hostile Indians were known to be on the move. The detail was ordered and among the names of those, who. in the order of chance was placed upon the first sergeant's roll, was that of a young soldier named Vane. On hearing his name called for the detail, the soldier boy bursts into tears, and begged to be transferred to some other duty. When pressed for reasons—he related a strange dream of the previous night, in which he stood in the crotch of a low growing and scraggy oak tree. looking over a plain of waving grass, when he saw that he was shot and felt himself in the sensations of dying, and was thus in affright when the bugle sounded the morning revelle.

He was ridiculed by his companions, but he could not be comforted and even went to the post commander with his plea, but the result was he

joined the escort and went down to the hay field. As he came near the camp he pointed to the tree clump of his dream. Calmness reigned in air on water and within the troubled breast. The low muffled sounds of the mowing machines at work, alone reached the ears of the soldier escort as they lay curled in the tent shade watching lazily the hay pitchers sweltering under an August sun.

"Indians!"

"Oh, Indians be damned," yawned a soldier, "not a hostile scare crow within a long hundred miles."

The timid antelope feed quietly in sight upon the neighboring bluffs. The ravan croaks and caws unconcernedly in airial flight,—hovering between bluff and woodland. The little yellow flanked swifts, trot around windward of the camp fire, sniffing with unappeased hunger.

"Indians!"

"How scary those haymakers must be!" drawled a peevish escort, "to have us dragged down here to watch Indians for them. Bah!"

Some soldiers arise and whist the straws from their woolen cloths and walk here and there to pass slow time away. Some go over and talk to the haymakers; some to the river and two or three wander to the bluffs. The report of a gun now break the stillness. A bevy of chickens skurry through the air in affright. The ravans cease their cawing; the swifts had slunk away; the day orb casting its lengthing shadow across hill and

valley,—the big crimson ball seemingly lingering behind the darkened rear base of the long high peaks where once the Gros Ventres hoped and prayed. The rays waft back a stream of purple across the profile on Horshead hills, and the verest glimpse of receeding shadows of some horsemen in single file are noted ere they vanish.

The alarm is given and both soldiers and haymakers centre at the camp. Vane alone is missing. A search is ordered and a report reached.

"Did you find him?" asked the corporal commanding, of an Irish soldier who had lingered in the search.

"Yes sir!"

"Where was he?"

"In the oak clump."

"Asleep?"

"No, Dead. Bullet in his head. Scalp torn off. Stripped and mutilated."

"Saw no Indians?"

"None."

II

THERE are times in the matter of unimportant detail where memory refuses to "catch on" or help out, when a record of the event sought become misplaced. I wave positiveness in saying it was the steamer Big Horn, that brought General Hancock and party from Fort Stevenson to Fort Rice, on the 4th of July 1869, though personally fortunate to be—at least temporarily—of the party. But as this chronicle is a record of events and of

characters of which the Hancock party had nothing to do,—I beg pardon of of my readers for this opening digression. But upon this occasion while that distinguested officer was entertaining the commandant at Fort Rice and fellow officers with a flow of claret and champagne from the reception cabin on the steamer, the chronicler of these pages had hied himself up the gangway, and after a few hundred yards stroll found himself on a cracker box seat at Durfee & Peck's trading house and sutler store for the garrison.

Gala day had brought all the post characters there. Leaning against the counter with his legs crossed rested Frank Lafrombeau, the half breed Sioux interpreter, who seemed dreaming of the awaiting ferryman about to take him across the dark river. Beside him and watching the display of red and black blankets and bright caicoes, was the interpreter's Sioux brother-in-law—One Hundred, at that time the most noted Indian horse thief on the Upper Missouri. Some soldiers were joshing him and he was giving "back talk" in fair English. He had previously made a trip to St. Louis city; had picked up considerable roguery, and but little else, other than his language addition that was any real benefit,—rather the reverse.

Further along the counter, stood a tall black man examining some newly purchased articles in company with the partner of his bosom—a smiling Sioux matron. He rattled away in Sioux—now to his red painted wife—now to One Hundred—

now to some lounging Sioux scouts,—speaking to the white soldier or citizen, only when spoken to. Why should he do otherwise? Let the magician now wave a prophet's wand over this black man's head, and call down time for a year on what is to be. What do we see? A covering of cold earth for Lafrombeau—a post interpretor's garlands for this Africo-American. Again raise the wand of magic over this kinky head—call time's advance seven years, lacking nine days. What do we see? A vale containing hundreds of dead and mutilated soldiers. A vale containing thousands of excited Indians putting to torture a giant black. Ramrods are used to punch out his eyes; his feet and legs filled with shot and small balls.

"Why this fiendishness?" asked the writhing black. "Why this hypocrisy?" answered back his red tormentors, "and why assist these white dogs in spying us out aud destroying your wife's people?" Thus had black Isaiah fallen—Fort Rice's second interpreter.

But away with the magicians spell, Away with the events of what was to be. Let Isaiah talk on with One Hundred—let the soldiers joke and josh in the Durfee & Peck trading house. It is all a part of the life drama that they are billed for. But another actor now appears at the doorway. A boyish face, and form tall and slim. Eyes, blue, and with a restless glance, scanning the faces to the right and left of him as he strides softly along.

"How, Melbourne," spoke out some one from among the group of soldiers.

"How," tartly replied the young fellow spoken to. as he turned on his heels and walked out the doorway. and who was evidently searching for some one not within the store room.

"Melbourne seems restless since he received his bobtail," spoke up another soldier, as he looked toward the door.

"Make anybody restless under the circumstances," added still another soldier, "and almost hate one's own race and kind."

"Yes," chimed in a bystanding citizen, "it was a pretty tough case, as I understand it."

At that moment the steamer's whistle at the landing warned all its passengers that time had arrived to pull in the gang planks for a further journey down stream, and half an hour later Fort Rice and all its "pomp and circumstance of war," was—for the time being—receding from our view.

=

After a rapid down stream run of twenty hours the steamer tied up at Cheyenne agency long enough to get ourselves and luggage ashore and say good bye to casual acquaintences. A week or more of observation among the Minneconjous, Sans Arcs and Etasapa Sioux, I crossed the big river, and made camp with some lumbermen at Little Bend. I here met some ex-soldiers who had seen service at Fort Rice. Enquiry was made about the mystery of the Melbourne case, and here were some of the facts elicited:

Melbourne was certainly under the lawful age when he enlisted as a soldier, though his height

carried him on the rolls. He had enlisted alone, and none among his new found comrades seem to know from whence he came. It was soon discovered he was a boy of artistic tastes; showed considerable book knowledge for one so young in years, and had a remarkable gift in imitative penmanship. In his general make up. the boy had a docile, tract able disposition with modest demeanor and obliging ways.

Many of the older enlisted soldiers at the frontier posts, in those days, were confirmed topers, and some of them, at least could date their enlistment from an effort to break away from environs that held them in hopeless bondage. A small allowance of whiskey, within the scope of the army regulations, was habitually served from the sutler store of the garrison for such of these soldiers whose appetite for intoxicating drinks still had control of them. In certain emergencies the commander of the post was authorized by the war department to allow over his signature, the issuance of a certain amount of whiskey or brandy to the party holding the order. In apparent jest some of the older heads asked Melbourne to write out a whiskey order and sign the post commandment's name to it. The work was done so well that it was repeated again, until the commander wondered where the laxity came in that made a drunken mob which filled the guard house with so many of his soldiers, His wonderment grew more intense when shown the leak in commissary whiskey over his own signature, and om-

menced to fear that he had been "out of his head" at times, as his signed name was so apparently genuine he could not doubt the authorship.

The young soldier became fearful of exposure, and the consequences thereof, so when solicited by his comrades for a renewal of forged orders, he absolutely refused. In consequence of refusal these same soldiers reported to the post commander that the boy Melbourne was the author of the whiskey forgeries. As was to be expected the young fellow was thrown in the post guard house, and while saved from the penitentiary by the influence of an officer's wife—dishonorably discharged from the United States army.

During the closing days of August of that year 1869, the chronicler found himself employed as camp lookout or day guard for the two contractors, Dillon & McCartney's haying camp, having temporarily pitched our tent on the west side of the big river two miles north of the Grand River Agency. The shooting down of Cook a few days previous, without excuse or provocation, by a brother of the Uncpapa chief, Long soldier, and his open boast that this herder would not be the last he would send to the "white man's happy hunting ground," with the lionizing he received [illegible] this big brother's camp, put us on o[illegible] duty was to watch every move[illegible]ished at the sound. grouping of Indians between th[illegible]ced young fellow, creek and the hay cutters at [illegible]orbs gazing stead- made many threats, and we we[illegible]ture at recognition

tancy of trouble. Some distance above our camp was that of the cattle contractor's herd, with the two Mulls—Fadden and Herron in charge. The lands about here were full of historic interest to the Indian race, especially the persecuted Aricarees. Three miles away on the south—forcing its way through a semi-sterile line of tortuous bluffs from the west comes in the swift flowing, modern Grand, but named with two centuries of practice—in courtesy by the all conquering Sioux,—Pahdonee Towa Wakpah—or as interpreted into the English tongue—Rees Own River. Beyond its banks of alternate sand and clay and midway with Oak creek's parallel lines, the uneven ground mounds and depressions mark the site of the old village where the Aricaree chiefs scorned the profered whiskey tendered them by Lewis and Clark in 1804, with the sensible remark that "people who tried to make fools of us by taking away our wits, could not be our friends."

From my camp observatory—on the bench lands near by was another interesting site—and like the dreamer that I was, went down from my perch one pleasant afternoon to revel among the ruins. It was here thirty six years before, that this little Aricaree town consisting of about one hundred mandiien. lres, poorly palisaded—yielded up as well that it wa alter of helpless prejudice the mander wondered many of its mothers and its made a drunken m ns and fathers. From my stony with so many of h yonder hill, had belched forth grew more intense ins shot and shell on this hapmissary whiskey ove

less town. General Atkinson of the United States army, in command of an expedition consisting of a thousand soldiers—having a section of artillery with a regiment of dragoons, had marched, from the borders of eastern Iowa, coming over one thousand miles to punish these Aricarees. With the soldiers, came also—as vultures to an intending feast— a great camp of Sioux warriors to "rub out" their hated foe. You can wonder as I had done, how any of these Aricarees got away. But they did—though a large portion of them were left to feed the coyote, the magpie and the buzzard. I could see this village as Catlin the painter had portrayed it on canvas two years before its destruction. I could see its frail pickets behind which the happy villagers reveled in all the pleasures, Indian life gives. In fancy, I could see these inmates scan from their house tops, objects whose sameness never seem to tire the eye. From youth to old age, the stone guard of the pinnacle is more familiar to the village inmate, than was a member the family, inasmuch as time's eternal transit would leave no impress. I pass on to the last struggle and see hopelessness and dispair on the one side,—an anticipated carnival of blood on the other.—

"Hello there!"

My dream or conjuration vanished at the sound. Before me stood a tall, pale faced young fellow, of 17 or 18 years, with his blue orbs gazing steadily in my face. I made a venture at recognition

they had been concerned in the massacre of the Buck surveying party in which Contractor Buck and his party, consisting of twelve men, in all, lost their lives by the hands of these hostiles. They claimed that the bloody work had been carefully planned and its execution intrusted to a young white man who had been with the party for some time, and known as the White Soldier. These murders took place in western Nebraska, near the country known as the Sand Hills. No details could be elicited further than whatever blame was attached or credit given—as viewed on diverse lines,—must be given to this white man. The Indians described him as but a tall boy, a good linguist in the Sioux tongue, dressy and vain. He painted in true Indian style, with pendants, hair ornaments and beaded blankets. After the massacre of the surveyors, he decked his head with many war eagle feathers as his right, thus an envy was created— and soon after through some fancied grievance from a jealous red, he was tomahawked to death, and with true savagery his body mutilated and left uncovered to rot upon the prairie.

The identity of the renegade soldier was not long a mystery. Among this band of Minneconjous, was a young fellow who had picked up some English around the old agency at Grand river. He was asked about the white renegade and if he knew him. He answered that he knew him well, as did his questioners. "Minneconjous call him White Soldier" said he, "but white soldiers called him Melbourne."

LAKE OF THE PAINTED WOODS.—From a Photo by C. M. Diesen.

III

I WAS sitting in the doorstep of the little fortfied homestead claim at the Woods, wondering as many another had done before and after that date—August, 1873—when, land values would take a jump and either let us out of the farm, or bring some encouragement to remain in posssession. The timber point in which I was domiciled, had been the first squatter land claim staked off along the Missouri north of the Northern Pacific railroad, and although the time had been but little over a year since the advent of the locomotive, the strain of expectancy had a disturbing effect on the nerves, notwithstanding the spice of existence was somtimes enlivened by the self introduction of some "character." Character study always interesting, sometimes assumes even a poetic glint, when the conditions of the mind harmonize with the poetry in nature. At no period in the revolving of the seasons does the poetic or the visionary take possession of the the soul within us, as on fine August days. Especially is this true to the denizens who live along the changing banks of the Upper Missouri river, which mighty stream save when bound by icy fetters, is ever presenting itself to the human eye, through the revolving lens of the kaleidoscope. Yet with all its shifting moods of anger or serenity there is no charm so entransing to the poetical dreamer, in solitare of the revery, as along the changing and falling banks and within hearing of

the muffled noises of the swirling waters of this strange old river, on tranquil autumn mornings.

Thus within hearing of the low roaring waters girdled with a heavy forest of great cottonwoods, that hide you in continuous shade,—what wonder that the mind becomes mellowed in revery. Characters—not mithical ones—but of the plain flesh and blood kind, pass in review. Here at the gate of this stockade had appeared a war party whose only trophy of their prowess to show, had had been the crimson blotched scalp of a sixteen year old, Sioux girl. Characters had been here who had talked wisdom from an owl. Characters had been here who had seen phantom boats manned by phantom crews move noiselessly down stream. Less than a year before a young man of fine physical carriage had passed up the trail with no weapon but a hatchet, afoot and alone "looking for a team just a little ways ahead." Six months later he had reappeared. Frozen hands; frozen feet—frozen face. Clothed in tatters and bareheaded.

"Where have you been?" had asked a transient companion of mine, on the man's reappearance.

"Living with the deer."

That was all he had for answer—living with the deer. Show me Burleigh City's graveyard and I will show you this man's grave. No questions as to his name? No questions about where he was from? No inquiry about the young wife who had gone estray? For we will answer no questions here. But from his first arrival on the Slope, this

cloudy wanderer's one central thought was in looking for that team— "just a little ways ahead."

Out from this revery. Out from gazing on these shifting characters in transit across the Woods. They march along the boards like the stage actors in the Cassandria play. Reynolds—McCall the Miner—Bloody Knife—Guppy—Chiss Chippereen—Johnny of the Rose Buds—Diamond the Wolfer—Long Hair Mary. They all move across—noiseless phantoms drawn out in review to the unseen eye by the brain's conjuration.

While thus in silent rumination sounds of a walking horse was heard, and a moment later there appeared at the timber opening a tall man leading a scrub pony, coming toward the stockade, The man ambled forward in an ungainly way. A long tom rifle of the old style—days of our grandfather epoch— angled across his shoulder. A coon skin cap was pressed down over his massive head of matted hair. A long grease soiled buckskin shirt, with tangled fringes, hung loosely over his unshapely form. And over it all hung a huge old fashioned cow powder horn. A poor old pony—having the appearance of being an Indian's "turned out," with a fairly decent saddle, and across the seat were thrown a roll of blankets, while tied to the pummel was a gunny sack with a mess of flour, and two or three blackened peach cans that evidently did duty in the culinary.

I had seen such habiliments in which this stranger was attired, pictured in the old early Ohio books that told us all about Simon Girty, Lewis

Whetzel or old Daniel Boone. Could my eyes deceive me, or was this another Rip Van Winkle case; a ninety years sleep? At any rate my fad was gratified. I had a new character to solve.

"You are a hunter, I guess," I had ventured to say.

"That what I am" he retorted,

"Where have you been hunting? '

"Of late—down around Fort Rice."

"Get any game down that way?"

"I reckon I did. Elk, antelope, deer, bear and moose.'

"Moose?"

"That's what I said. Moose!"

"There is no moose on this river."

"I reckon there is moose on this river. I killed a young bull moose on the bottom this side of Fort Rice. I reckon I know what I'm talking about. I'm a moose hunter from Maine!

"A moose hunter from Maine?"

"That's what I am. A moose hunter from Maine."

"Well, unsaddle and bring your donnage in?"

That's what I'll do, for I'm going to stay a whole month with you."

"Baited with curiosity and springing my own trap,' said I softly.

On the following morning my unkempt guest said his desire was to use the stockade as a kind of headquarters. He would hunt a little; visit a little; with an occasional trip to the town by the railroad. This he did, but in his hunts he never

brought back any game; in his visits to distant woodyards he brought back no greeting and in his weekly visits to the town he brought no information from the outside world.

One day we concluded to visit the Burnt woods on the west side where Williams & Wheeler were getting out cordwood for the steamboats. Chris Weaver here told the story of his premonition at the Spanish Woodyard whereby the warning had saved his life. The moose hunter was greatly interested in its recital. On our road home in passing through the long bottom above the little fort we espied a traveling war party, and I suggested we keep out of sight until they passed. He complied with alacrity. But some of the red warriors had already seen us, and in our fancied security were treated to a surprise. They had us surrounded. They were Gros Ventres, however, and took in the moose hunter at a glance. After surveying his muzzle loading long tom, one warrior extending his open palm said in English:

"Caps!"

In a second the moose hunter handed him a full box of percussions, and the Gros Ventre clasped them and made off.

"Why, what a dough-god to give that Indian all your gun caps" I said chidingly.

"Oh, I've got another box," he replied, "and if I did'nt have, it would't be much loss," he added philosophically.

A few days later, the hunter said he would "take a ramble up to Forts Stevenson and Ber

thold," which he did, but failed to return. A Fort Buford mail carrier had noted him as a "queer old bloke who had stopped at every Indian camp and wood yard that he came to."

The year following the steamer Nellie Peck tied up for the night at Mercer & Gray's yard at Painted Woods landing. Dr. Terry a St. Louis ex-physician was acting as clerk and purchasing furs for the Durfee & Peck company. Sitting in the boats cabin were a party relating incidents of happenings along the river. Among others the writer told of his experience with the moose hunter from Maine. At conclusion of the recital, Dr. Terry, volunteered the following addenda:

"I happen to know something about your moose hunter. You had seen him in a clever make-up. He is a good trailer. But he is better at hunting men than moose. He has a country-wide reputation as one of the shrewdest sleuths on the Pinkerton detective force."

IV

At the close of the month of April, 1866, two men sat astride log stools looking into the blazing fire in a little makeshift cabin at the lower bend of what was known in those days as "Out-a luck Point," being the second timber bend on the west side of the river Missouri above Fort Stevenson. Both were looking into the blaze in silent cogitation, but whither dreaming over the past or into the future the chronicler could not divine. With

each of these men past dreams were far from pleasant lingerings, and it was well for their peace of mind that their dreams of the future were in wide divergence from the actual. But as before stated their dreams were known only to themselves, but the coming of what was to be, as far as their earthly tenure was concerned, became a part of the records of their surviving contemporaries. Had the veil hiding actuality of the future been raised beyond the burning brands in which each of them were silently gazing, each could have beheld a thorny path in their few remaining years. One could have seen himself shot to death, his body placed in a shallow grave with a blanket both for shroud and coffin. The site that marked his grave now mark the path of swift flowing channel waters. His companion had lingered in life a few years later A gloomy forest shrouded him—alone and unseen by mortal man he died a maniac's death. Buzzards feasted upon his decayed flesh; badgers sported with his scattered bones.

"I seed the shadow of that Injun to night agin, and don't like it," said one of the men without withdrawing his gaze from the burning coals. He was the larger and older of the two.

"Kind a queer," answered his companion, "if he belonged up in the village and not come around here. Been poking about the bluffs for five or six days."

"Jist a week to night since I first seed him!"

"Did you cache the stock in a new place to night."

"Yes."

"We ought to rest easy then."

They did, but in going out to their stock cashe next morning their animals were missing. Two fine mules and two work ponies. The loss of stock forced the abandonment of the woodyard.

The mules were the property of Trader Malnori, of Fort Berthold. In about four weeks from date of disapearance of the animals the trader received the following note through a scout dispatch bearer. The language was in French with the following English interpretation:

FORT RICE, (no date.)

Mr. C. Malnori: Opanwinge says he found your mules. Send a man down with $200 and take them home. Yours with regards, F. LAFROMBOISE.

The man and money was sent to Fort Rice and mules and man came home.

=

"I guess, I'll try wood-yarding a little nearer home," said Trader Malnori when his mules were brought to his stables at Fort Berthold. He had some wood cut opposite to the fort. The same mules were sent across the river to do the wood hauling and the same man sent with them who had had charge of their keeping at Point Out-a-luck. A man known as Jimmy Deer and two red matrons crossed over the river in a bull boat to pile the cord wood brought to bank. The trail of the hauler led through a line of willows for half a mile or more. For two or three days all went

well. But it was a dangerous neighborhood. The driver from Out-a-luck had provided himself with a Colt's army and a double barreled shot gun heavily charged with buck shot. One fine morning the driver hitched up his mules as usual and trotted the team over the rough bottom road gaily to the crib pile. His pistol and shot gun were bouncing up and down in the wagon box as he hummed an old French song. At a point where the willows lined a sand ridge a naked Indian arose quickly, pointing a gun at the wagon box fired away. The driver, forgeting all about his buckshot gun and pistol, dropped his lines and springing from the wagon on the opposite side to the Indian dashed into the willows. The red man hopped into the wagon, gathered up the lines of the now excited mules drove out toward the bluffs as far as the wood trail led, unhitched and unharnessed the mules, gathered up the pistol and shot gun, jumped astride of one of the animals, and was off on fast time over the hills. Meantime the shot alarmed the corder and the two matrons who had made a rush for the boat and in the excitement of embarkation sunk it and nearly drowned all hands.

About one month later Trader Malnori received the following note through an Indian runner from Fort Rice, written as the former one, in French, with the following English interpretation:

FORT RICE, (no date)

Mr. C. Malnori.—Opanwinge has found your mules again. Send down a man with $200. Yours with regards, F. LAFROMBOISE.

There is no record of Malnori's answer, but Opanwinge kept the mules.

V

About the middle of July, 1871, while journeying down the Missouri with a single companion, in a precariously constructed bull boat, we hauled in at Fort Rice, and walked up to the trader's store for the purpose of making a few purchases Here and there we noted a few familiar faces of past visits to the post, but for the most part the loungers at the trading establishment were strangers. One young fellow with a dark skin was masquerading in boorish antics with some Indians. Inquiry solicited the information that he was a Mexican lad who had enlisted as a scout. Another conspicuous character—from his manner of speech— was a red headed, freckled faced young man, who was familiarly termed "Reddy" but was spoken of as Red Clark. Among a group of scouts gathered near the doorway was a small, fine featured Indian boy dressed in blue uniform of which he seemed quite proud. This boy was a Sioux, and recently distinguished himself in saving the post herd from a well planned raid by a war party of his hostile countrymen. The raiders suddenly swarmed out of a coulee on the apparently unprotected herd, but the boy Bad Bird instead of fleeing for his life as many another in his place would have done, counteracted the efforts of the hostile raiders from stampeding the cattle until help came from the fort. The baffled warriors fired a few shots after the boy, but luckily none taking effect, he rode back to the post the hero of the hour.

In the move of events from that date—some

two years or more—Red Clark and Bad Bird became intimate friends, as people saw them. They started out on a trip across the big river one night opposite to Fort Rice with jovial parting good by's to the ferryman. They entered the heavy brush beyond the ferryman's ken, together. Clark came back alone. The next day Bad Bird's corpse was found with a bullet mark through his head. Clark was tried and acquitted for this murder. He plead self defence; night had hid the crime and no one could prove to the contrary. Besides this the dead Indian boy was of one race, the judge, jury, witnesses and prisoner of another.

Five years passed by and Clark stood leaning against the counter of a dive in Butte, Montana. A stranger entered the place, called for a drink of whiskey and threw a silver dollar on the counter to the barkeeper for payment. Clark looked up to the man who would not stand treat, and clapping his open palm across the silver piece, said jocosely:

"That's mine."

"No," said the stranger, "That is not yours."

"That's mine," reiterated Clark with an attempt at gravity, and the next second a bullet went crashing though his skull.

A closing word about the Mexican lad and our curtain falls on these events of Fort Rice's early history. Santa, later, developed a penchant for wild Indian life and made the acquaintance of a Sioux hanger-on named Black Fox, and the two connived plan for a trip to the hostile Sioux, then in camp on Powder river. Santa Anna deserted

his command and quarters on a November evening taking his horse, gun and amunition with him. besides a well filled sack of provisions. Black Fox was also similarily equipped, lacking the provisions. Riding back on the highlands they made themselves conspicuous by facing about from the dome of a conical butte and surveying the beautiful tinted landscape. The trim post was as silent and inactive in its surroundings as a military fort could well be. The mellow rays from the setting sun shone in glittering splendor from the west end of the buildings. The long line of brown marked the course of ice conjested waters of the Missouri that the crisp air had wrought. Santa Anna had probably wondered why his known desertion had caused so little stir down by the garrison. The soldier still paced his lonely beat in seemingly meditative mood; the sound of axes at the evening wood pile sounded loud and merrily. Loiterers continue walking to and fro in their usual gait, the tethered ponies nibbling at grass roots about the outshirts—or drooping lazily; even the shaggy wolf dogs were basking contentedly about the red faced scouts quarters oblivious to all the living world. Perhaps the thought came to the young Mexican how little he was to this globe and perhaps the same thought flitted across the brain of his sombre hued companion. A black, moonless night screened the last act in Santa's life play. No rehersal. No need of that. A deadly blow—a mangled body and all was over. Black Fox strode into Grand River Agency next morning, riding the Mexican's steed and leading his own. Proud man of war. Within twelve hours he had captured a horse and won a feather.

UPPER BEAVER DAMS OF DOUGLASS RIVER—From a Photo by C. M. Diesen.

A FRONTIER CHRONICLE.

I

"IT takes all kind of people to make a world," is a saying as old as the language with which it is spoken. In a lesser degree—lessened only in proportion as to its material numbers—every separate community of the human race is diversified by all manner and shade of character.

In the order of creation by the light given us we behold a great variety of life—quadrupeds of the earth's surface—birds of the air, and fishes in the sea Though all around and about us, and breathing the air with us—warmed by the same sun of light—subject alike to soccora winds or frozen blasts—yet otherwise each and all of these diversified kinds of animal life live, apparently, in a sphere of their own. Though the strong prey upon the weak—the vicious upon the gentle, yet in all the generations that come and go the status of animal and bird life remain much the same. It is only through the agency of man or some great convulsion of the earth's surface or ravages of some special epidemic, when the equilibrium changes. With man as master the propagation or destruction of many of these animals, bird or fish kinds of creation are subject to his wishes and may survive or perish at his will. Entire species may at his pleasure or displeasure disappear in untimely death. But do they go forever? Does death end all? Go ask the dark

skinned millions of humans that spread themselves over the fertile plains of Hindoostan; along the populous vales of the cradle of civilized man, the rivers Euphrates, the Indus and the Ganges, or harken to the red Indian seers of the Americas.

Or to delve deeper with the subject in its profundity as such would deserve, ask the intellectual giants of our own race—formost among thinkers, or go seek the tombs of the sages of all nations in all ages, who by their works and by their acts will have told you that these birds of the air and the animals of the fields, woods and jungle, long since mouldering with the dust of other days, did not die—but that you, my reader friend, may be one of them—in the evolving changes in the transmigration of souls.

Thus in this human family of ours, we frequently mark the action and even the facial countenance of some animal of the four footed order. Here and there among our kind, we see the industrious beaver with architectural skill, tiding adverse element which, though he could forsee he could not hinder. He can build but cannot distroy. He will endure suffering but will not revenge himself by inflicting suffering upon others. Alas; that we have so few human beavers among us.

Then comes the human porcupine who never seeks to harm others until first assaulted. Then he strikes back with fury. He resolves himself into a catapult, and flings, at once, a shower of sharpened arrows upon his adversaries.

Then we see the crafty, pointed eared fox, who thrives on his wits—head work, with cold calculating points well in hand before he makes his deadly spring upon his bewildered victim. He relies as much for his success on the stupidity of his intended prey as upon the more subtle moves of his own cunning.

Then comes the cat kinds—born ingrates. Sly, soft in tread, gentle-voiced with moonish face, pleasant and purring in the presence of those they would destroy. Though creeping on velvet paws,—silent as a falling feather, the presence of the catman's sinister designs is often betrayed to those he would wrong by a softer, subtler, sub-conscious presence we call a presentiment,— a creeping something we can feel and yet cannot see.

Then the mycetes—howling monkey—can frequently be met with, having more energy in voice than in action. Then the sloth rotting in his laziness, waiting for choice vegitables to ripen—starving or sleeping life away in the meantime. Then we see the kahau in its reddish brown, basking in the tree shade—pestered by insects until its paws become by lapses of brain action almost perpetual in motion as though the swinging of arms and motions of its hands were the only relief from torment. Then the gazelle, soft-eyed, unsuspicious, innocent; then the antelope, by times watchful and wary—by times a victim of its own curiosity or short sightedness.

The animals above named are but a small group of the four footed beasts typified in human souls. If not transanimation is it absorption of souls? If absorption is it entailed? And if entailed, is the subtle working of the human mind made clearer? Transmigration of soul is defined as the passage of soul on death of one body into another body born at this same instant without referance to species, kind or kindred. Then wherefrom this manifold duplixity of character in one human breast. The human beaver of to-day transformed into the human wolf or lynx of to-morrow. Wherefrom, or why so, the promptings of these kaleidoscopic lives whose duplicity of moves mystify even their own minds by inconsistency of action?

II

In the writer's wanderings as a book seller over sections of territory separated by a great expanse the opportunity came for learning much of human nature, the diversity of minds and the separate aims of individual life. It is very doubtful if any other vocation in life will give one a clearer idea of human nature as we find it than that of a book agent. He will see people of separted vocations following a line of similar tastes other than their special line of business. The agent in canvassing a strange neighborhood, will be chary of a grocer, a blacksmith or a saloon man or the frequenter of saloons. While there is occasional exceptions in the two first named classes, the two latter classes invariably inform the literary vender that they "have no use for books." Indeed a hotel and sa-

loon keeper of thirty years standing once candidly informed the writer it was a part of their business to discourage the vender of books at all times and under all circumstances.

On the other hand a book agent seldom calls up n a telegraph tower along lines of railroad between towns, or the modest country grist mill hid along some winding stream but that he usually meets with courtesy, if approached properly, and if his stock of books at all in line with the miller's or electrical man's thoughts, starts the bookman off with a more cheerful heart, heavier in purse and lighter in pack.

The country miller is usually the oricle of his neighborhood. Amidst the grinding of burrs and spashing of water over revolving wheels he finds magic comfort in drowsily ruminating through the pages of a book of information when not actually engaged in filling np his grain hoppers or directing the machinism of his mill.

III

On a January evening, blustry with driving snow, in the year 1894, a few lounging guests were in a talking mood in the setting room of the Merchants hotel Washburn, McLean's county capital, North Dakota. Matters religious, philosophical and speculative passed in review with the group, until the conversation narrowed down to events within county limits and to a historical desertation on its early settlement and organization.

"Do you remember G——— one of our first county officers?" queried one of the conversa-

tionists, who was—at the time—conducting the Washburn flouring mill.

"Oh, yes responded another, "he's dead. Died several years ago."

"Not so," said the first speaker. "and I will tell you why I know."

Thus with the miller's introductory narrative on that winter evening, and the writer's after trailing, I herewith present places and characters personnel of this chronicle of Dog Den range.

IV

It was in the year 1883, some months after its organization, that the county of McLean experienced what in popular parlance was termed a "boom," viz: a large number of new settlers had arrived and made themselves homes upon the various tracts of vacant lands that was spread out before them, to be had by occupation and a limited cultivation of the land. The little village of Washburn on the Missouri, previously spoken of was headquarters for both the land squatter and his more thrifty coadjutor the speculator. South of that town in the summer of the year above referred to, a party of land hunters made camp in what was known as Mill coulee, a flouring mill being then in course of erection near its abrupt banks on the bench land facing the Missouri.

Of this party our chronicle has nothing to record except in a personal way, the discriptive outline in the appearance of one individual. He was about fifty years of age, erect in carriage, blue eyes, and hair streaked with silver. He had a

restless manner and in conversation exhibited scholarly mind with a range of current information well in hand. After some conversation with the leaders of the county organization his suburb equipment in that line suggested him a proper person for the office of register of deeds and as such his name appears on that county's records, a its first register.

But in the selection of his homestead he had chosen a fertile tract around the shores of Lake Mandan, in another county, and as a consequence of the law's demand, Mr. G——— choose to resign his office rather than surrender his land.

V

In the year 1884, the great ridge or "Hills of the Prairie" (if we make literal translation from the French name applied in early maps of the country) was as yet a vast tract of vacant land, as far as human habitation was concerned. In the early summer days of that year, an adventurous stockman moved his herds in the neighborhood of a heavy timbered coulee, a few miles north of the Dog Den buttes—the highest point of land on the range. The ranch location was picturesque. The timbered front faced a great grassy plain to the eastward terminating miles away in the tree green timber line of Mouse river and the high jagged hills beyond. The towering buttes of the Dog Den that had— once upon a time— stood a water belted island, lashed by an angry sea. When this ranch among the hills was completed, and the cured grasses stacked up for the snowy days, its Virginia proprietor placed a man

in charge, while himself and residue of the party hied themselves to their rendezvous on the Missouri. The man in charge was the ex-register of deeds from Washburn, and he was now elected to lead a hermit's life. His only neighbors on the range were a mysterious pair located immediately under the Dog Den butte. and had but recently located there. They had proved to be a pair of human falcons who watch their intended prey from perch, or in ariel flight, and dart swiftly on their victim. For this had they builded a nest in a heavy ravine on the seamed sides of these historic hills, and flew to other lands only when the melting snows uncovered,—for others to view—a grusome skeleton.

A rigorous winter of deep snow was the ex-register's initiation into a hermit ranchman's life. In the intervals between careing for his bovine herds and rustling up his fuel, he had but little to lighten the load that time was bearing upon him save fitful naps; trying to appease an unsatisfied appetite or dreaming away in lonesome reverie in front of the cheerful glare thrown out from the blaze on his hearthstone.

VI

Up to 1880 the Souris or Mouse river "ox bow" so called had known no human habitations other than the skin "tepee" of the native red men or the "shacks" of their half cast, half wild brothers. But with rumors of westward extension of continental lines a few pioneers with teams, wagons and household effects appeared and se-

lected some choice locations between the Riviere des Lac and the big bend of the Mouse at the mouth of the shallow waters of Wintering river. Between these two points in its primitive days were several groves of hardy oaks following the river's course, that, in summer days, looked sublimely beautiful. The dark green compact groves of oak mingled with groups of the lighter green of the ash or lowly willow. Shutting their eyes and closing their memories to the rigors of its wintry days, the valley of the upper Mouse river, would seem a veritable paradise to the summer time homesteader.

It was one of the summer days of 1883, that a canvass covered wagon with stout team of horses in front, came slowly trailing over the prairies from the eastward and halted near one of these oak groves of the Souris. The horses were unhitched and picketed near by, and the occupants of the vehicle—three in number—meandered to the top of a nearby bluff to look about them. Far as their eyes could scan was a primival solitude. True, a bird of prey now and then darted from some leafy coverlet; a red deer here and there went trailing in the open to disappear into another clump as quickly as it had come, but these incidents alone gave diversity to a stillness as though it was a painted picture spread out on an artist's canvass.

We hear no converse now. We gaze upon,— not listening to this trio on the hill. In one we see a venerable looking man in the youth of old age.

He stood out erect with face aglow, with sparkling eyes and arms in constant motion as though a battery indicator. His two companions were women—mother and daughter—if we judge by appearance, one a women of forty or more—the other a girl of fifteen. They, too, had a happy look for it was decided among them to here build themselves a home.

Day by day work went on with this trio of the wilderness, until house and stables were finished. Then they looked about them to find they had been followed by other settlers who also made choice homes along the Mouse river valley. In the year that followed, habits of industry brought forth good work. Fields of grain, pasturing cattle, rooting hogs, bleating lambs, quaking ducks, crowing roosters and cackling hens made this late wilderness solitude seem homelike.

The venerable head of the tro just described was a minister of the Gospel, and rode out among his scattering neighbors preaching the good word when not busy cultivating his few acres of rich and respondent soil. To ride thus among the newcomers of the valley, he deemed a duty ordained. To radiate with the happy—to console the disconsolate—to lighten dark paths and to cheer and to guide the doubting, and lead them on a better way, were life lines in this good man's work. The familiar figure encased in black, with long streaming silvery hair; a pleasant nod and cheery word for every passer by, linger yet in

kind memory with many of the first settlers of the Mouse river valley.

VII

One August day in the year 1885, there came riding down upon the plain from the ridges of the Dog Den range, a lone horseman. He was riding about in zigzag trails, seeking depressions of land or "draws," as though serching for estrays from some herd. Such, indeed, his actions proved for the horseman was none other than the hermit ranchman from Winston's ranch on the prairie mountains. He had never visited the valley of the Mouse before, but now both curiosity and duty impelled him onward to the scattered and distant settlements, where here and there mark of improvements bordering the groves of timber had caught his scanning eyes. As he rode near the dwellings, the green potato tops—the creeping vines of melon and squash—the tasseled corn with its jutting ears of glossy silk were of more beauty and interest to this man from the Dog Den than was any other sight that could have greeted his vision. He thought of his larder at the ranch on the range, that he had left as bare—almost—as the one visited by Mother Hubbard in song and story, The memory of the hard dry dough-gods, jack rabbit soup and black coffee that had kept his spark of existence aflame all the long winters and variable summers, brought a feeling of having lost some time space.

Thus ruminating as he moved along, he espied ahead a neater and more homelike dwelling than

any he had yet passed. In front of the house a much neater and thriftier patch of corn was noticed than any he had yet met with in the valley.

A woman with a well shaded sun bonnet, stood industriously hoeing among the corn, oblivious to all surroundings. The man on horseback involuntarily paused, saying to himself:

"I've gone far enough. These roasting ears are tempting and I must have some. I shall beg, or buy an armful from that woman." Thus without more adoo he rode up near where the woman was working and told of his desires. Something in the man's voice had startled her. She peered cautiously from her half closed bonnet at the unkempt being before her. "Was it possible? No, it could not be." A crimson flush crossed her face, but the bonnet folds saved betrayal. At length the woman stammered aloud:

"Are you not Mr. T———."

"Possibly, possibly," replied the man with a startled look, "and you, and you are—"

"Mrs. H———the minister's wife" she supplimented, but you must get down and come to the house and see your child. Fourteen years is a very long, long time," she said in an absent way.

VI

The reverand head of the household was absent from home at this time. He was riding out on his accustomed circuit preaching faith hope and charity to his little world of followers and believers who were always ready to hear the faithful churchman expound the good word.

But the ranchman and minister met and soon after formed an acquaintance with each other. The former became restless with his hermitage among the hills, and his journeys to and fro across the green stretch of plains to the shady banks of the Mouse, were both frequent and regular. The minister on some of these visits was "at home" to his guest, who had explained his appearance there with a gloomy worded retrospect of his bachelor life on the lonely mountains of the prairie.

In whatever way the door of friendship was was left ajar; by what manner the screen of the boudoier was pulled aside we know not. We know only that the minister's wife, heretofore so devotedly attached to her frontier home became suddenly discontented. The joys of home became distastful, as here presented. A vision— vaugue and unreal at first, but with brighter colors and many fantastic shapes as it appeared again and again to this woman's wandering mind. To see and be seen by strange peoples in a crowded city; education for her growing daaughter—ease for herself and a longing for change—all worked to ward a blending or concentration of shifting ideals floating in an orbit. Strangely enough the hermit ranchman, also, saw the necessity of change. He, too, would leave the land of isolation and abide in a city by the Rocky Mountains. In its incipiency this subject of change of residence was kept from the head of the family, but as the time for action approached, he was gently apprized of it. The old gentleman consented to

a change of home with great reluctance He was contented and happy in his surroundings and did not want to tread hidden paths too far. Had no desires to change the known for the unknown. Why not leave well enough enough alone? The tactful wife was equal to every emergency and smoothed down every objection from her devoted husband. She kindly planned a way to soften the proposed change. The good minister was advised, in as much as he had not visited among his relatives in the far east for many years the time was propitious to do so. During his absence the sale of property and the packing up and other incidents of a confusing period would be lifted from the careworn shoulders of the venerable man. When he came again he would find them in their cozy home in the Rocky Mountain city. The minister was speedily assisted to be off upon his eastern journey with many well wishes that the good angles protect him on his way.

IX

In due time after much bustle and confusion the chaange of location by the minister's wife and her daughter came to pass. A handsome and nicely furnished house in the mountain city of Butte had been put in preparation for their coming. The now thoroughly interested hermit ranchman of the Dog Den had preceeded them many days and put things in order.

Time passed happily for the trio. The bracing autumn days glided smoothly with the newcomers

and diversity from their former manner of life was hailed with the same delight that would effect the deliverance from distasteful task by broken shackels to some maltreated bondman.

But other changes must come now. The time had arrived when the minister's visit to the far east should end by the limitation previously put upon it. A letter had been received by his wife with the number of train and date of day when he might be expected.

At the promised time the long jointed west bound train moved slowly up to the depot at Butte. Among the jostling passengers that came crowding down from a car platform was an elderly gentleman with a nervous manner, clad in a garment of sombre hue. He was recognized by two persons in waiting seats—the minister's wife and the hermit ranchman of the Dog Den range, who arose to meet the minister—for it was he—but in the lady's greeting a wifely salutation was wanting. She leaned upon the preacher's right arm while the politic ranchmen stood escort in waiting on his left, taking the wearied old gentleman's grip in one hand with feigned courtesy tendered his arm and the trio for a minute or more walked along the sidewalk in silence.

"I may as well tell you now," said the ex-ranchman from the Dog Den, addressing the minister, "that this is my wife not yours." "But," he went on "You can have a home with us, just as before; you can have a room; you will be wel-

come at our table—only remember she is my wife—not yours."

The sudden and entirely unexpected words fell with the force of a terrific blow upon the heart of the guileless old man. No lurid bolt of unchained lightening from lowering clouds could have been more overwhelming—less immediately fatal. His trembling limbs grew weak—his palsied tongue refused to give forth words, and he could only turn and stare appealingly to his wife. The woman turned her face from the stricken husband as the tender hearted child will turn its head from the dying gasps of some dear pet of its childish hours. She would soothe but could not. She could relent but would not.

X

Back on the Mouse river. Back to the old pioneer farm, the veteran minister had paced his way. Let us follow the old man as he stalks about the homestead of his creation like a spectre on the eve of twilight. Resting his weary head upon a stone underneath the leafless branches of an ancient oak, in unquieting trance of past events we will extract the story that is drawing his life away. Let us listen to his mumbling as he sleeps: Sixteen years ago a contented pastor—a faithful flock—a happy home underneath stately sycamores,—by the side of a wide, swift flowing river. Back to that morning of sorrow when confiding members of his congregation whispered to him the startling details of a crime and the flight of the perpretrator; of an abandoned wife

and new born child buffeting waves of reproach, neglect and poverty. Of his own thoughts as to his plain line of duty in the premises as a man of God, with a natural, sympathetic heart for distress in the unbidden calamities of the unfortunate. Come one, two, three, four, five or yet six years, and no word from recreant husband and father save an uncontradicted word that he was dead.

Meantime the minister's interest in the forsaken woman drifted beyond the sympathetic and had glided into the tangled and inexplicable bonds of love. The forlorn one reciprocated with gratitude for affection—attention given for kindness bestowed. There is no love without affection, but is there not affection without love? You, who are wise in the heart's secrets, make answer.

XI

It might have been a year or more after the closing events herein narrated, when an old man was noticed boarding the eastern bound midnight express on the Great Northern, at the first station beyond the Souris. The lighted train glides rapidly across the dark prairies—the grating of wheels—the bumping of coaches over the uneven bed—the screaching of the locomotive whistle at way-side stations or danger signals at dubious crossings, all tend to "make a night of it" for the lonesome passenger. After the slowing up in crossing over the great arches of the Mississippi bridge the conductor of the train found this passenger's compartment vacated. A part of a crumpled letter with a late postmark,—and evidently penned

by a feminine hand, in which the following scraps rejointed, tells its own story:

DEAR Mr. H———I take my pen to ask may we come to you again. I direct this letter to M— — in which neighborhood I hope you now are.

* * * * * *

Ed is dead. He fellowed his trade as bricklayer after you went away. One month ago yesterday, he went to work as usual. In mounting a ladder to the scaffolding, he had nearly reached the top, when a fellow workman heard him say "I'm going blind," and immediately fell backward and downward—and was picked up from the ground a mangled corpse. * * * * *

Myra sends her love to you. I do hope you will forgive if you cannot forget. Please write at once. From your heartbroken and sorrowing———

"Cheated himself by shortening a paid ride," said the train's conductor, carelessly, as he threw down the bits of writing, on the non re-appearance of the apparently absent-minded passenger.

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Out in the night for a pathless walk where anywhere lead to everywhere. Out, and on, heart stricken one,—the mantle of darkness envelope and environ you. Though you may have hidden your drossy covering of clay by forest of tamarack; in a lake jungle; in a bottomless swamp or an untraversed plain, the sleepless special will find and uncover you at the finality, and black newspaper headlines make record of another "eccentric and lonely old man found dead."

THE OLD WASHBURN MILL.

BLAZING A BACKWARD TRAIL.

SOME months after the Sioux Indian outbreak in Minnesota on that fateful 18th of August, 1862, measures were taken by the State government of Iowa looking to a better protection of their northwestern border from incursions of detached war parties from the main camps of the hostiles. Gettysburg and Vicksburg had not yet been fought in the Southern war, the federal government was loth to spare troops from the front, and the States within the bounds of the Indian insurrection were enjoined to raise troops for their own protection, beyond some skeleton regiments officered by commanders who had previously experienced some service in Indian campaigns on the far western plains. In addition to two regiments of Iowa volunteer cavalry already mustered in the United States service, Col. James Sawyer, of Sioux city raised a mounted batallion of bordermen for defence along the northwestern part of that State, Though originally raised for local defense only, in September, 1863 the command was re organized and placed upon the same status as other volunteer cavalry—and to do duty out of the State as well as within its borders when called upon. A line of double bastioned posts were constructed beginning at the Fort Dodge & Sioux City stage crossing of the West

Fork of Little Sioux river and extending in fortified chain to Esterville on the Minnesota State line. Beginning with the one at West Fork which was within twenty miles of Sioux City, one was established at Correctionville on the Little Sioux river proper—one at Cherokee thirty miles further up stream; one at Peterson twenty miles further along, and one at the Spirit Lake.

Upon the reorganization of the battallion the writer found himself in transfer from an eastern command and was stationed at the Correctionville post—called Fort White in honor of its company commander. The soldier duties were divided between detail for scouting service, construction and hay making parties. The water was good, climatic conditions fine and the exercise exhilerating and healthful.

On one of the closing days of September, when haying was well finished, a group of the soldiers led forth some of their spry and well groomed chargers for a trial of speed upon the race course, east of the fort. While engaged in this sport, a small sized man mounted upon a venerable ill-shaped pony rode up to the excitable group of money changers. Besides his rediculous looking mount, the man wore an ill fitting suit of clothes, topped off with an old slouch hat— points well down—and for all the world looked the mounted dummy about to close a circus performance. Everybody greeted him with a laugh in which he seemed to heartily join. He bet his money freely upon the racers, and, as happened in most cases, lost.

The orderly sergeant of the company—a man of middle age and rotund physique—was an inveterate gamester and prided himself on his keen wit. He jokingly offered to run on, foot against the steed of the stranger for a five dollar greenback provided the stranger done his own jockying. As all hands wanted to see the race on, the stranger cheerfully covered the orderly-sergeant's five with a new treasury issue. Much to the surprise of all the pony and its rider won by a bare scratch.

The victor then rode up to the company officer's quarters, asked to have his name put upon the company's rolls. He gave in his name as Smith, but whether the prefix was John, James or William we no longer remember. On account of his under size—having a somewhat diminative appearance, or for his little pony, had already been jug-handled by the boys and was known as Pony Smith.

Pony, being a round shouldered, bow legged, burlesque specimen of humanity, with clownish ways was quite a favorite with many, though some were victims of his boorish practical jokes. The writer though somewhat chummy with Pony was one of his victims—and a long suffering one—had vowed to pick a big black crow with him if ever they came together again in this broad old world. The orderly sergeant, however, never forgave this recruit from the day of the pony-foot race, and after many passes of ill-tempered repartee, poor Pony Smith was banished over to the West Fork, the Botany Bay of the State company chain. Here he remained like Napoleon on Helena's isle

until after the mustering out of the batallion.

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After an absence of over thirty long years, the writer crossed over the iron bridge across Big Sioux river from the west in retrospect. The little town of Sioux City—that was—which clustered around the old steamboat landing stood out a magnificent city spread back upon the hills Great buildings of brick and marble had supplanted the log and frame structures of the days of the Sioux outbreak. Electric lights and trolly cars had run out the street lamp and the omnibus.

While standing in wonderment where the old Hagy House had stood, I saw a long funeral train slowly passing up the street. A pioneer judge was being taken to his last resting place. Close following the hearse—bowed down in medatative thought rode a cluster of old white headed men, the Bogues, the Hedges, the Hagys' of long ago,—comb gatherers and makers of this human hive. In remembering their vigorous physical frames and mental push of thirty years before, and now gazing upon the listless eyes and furrowed cheeks of these broken men following one of their own group to the grave—each as silent as the enshrouded occupant of the hearse, I could almost fancy their bloodless lips were repeating:

"We are passing away,
We are passing away
To that great judgment day."

I had looked in vain for one face in that group

—Col. Jim Sawyer—and setting myself down on a seat under the varanda of a comfortable hoistry its venerable proprietor—himself a pioneer—chequed off time incidents concerning members of our old frontier soldier organization that I attentively listened to, after an absence in person and lack of all information concerning their whereabouts for over a quarter of a century.

Col. Jim Sawyer had played hit and miss with business many years after the close of the civil war until his worldly possessions were wrapped up in the proprietorship of a ferry boat. This would have been all right had the boat stayed above water, which, unfortunately for the Colonel did not. He had stood upon the levee and watched his boat go down beneath the muddy waves of the Missouri, and himself reduced to poverty—the boat being so rickety no company would insure. Though the waters had swallowed up the remnants of his fortune it had left him his grit. His age at that time was about sixty years—a time of life when the ordinary man drops out from active life and sits down; a time of life for some people thus stricken in misfortune who would have staggered and wilted under the strain,—crawled in their bunks and called loudly on the old man with the scythe to hit hard a lick for keeps. Not so with Colonel Sawyer. By hook and by crook he raised a little means and hied himself off to the mining regions of Arizonia. Ten years later he had been heard from through

some financial institution. His rating was away up then,—climing close to that of a millionare. Our old captain, after whom Fort White was named had died a bankrupt in New Orleans. One of our lieutenants was a prominent citizen of the neighboring town of Onawa. Corporal Ordway, was living happily with his wife and their daughters out on Maple river. The orderly sergeant had died in a Minnesota town of two much "woman on the brain." His tormentor, Pony Smith, was living somewhere along the Sioux valley,—informant did not know just where but thought I might meet him iu my travels. Of the Comstock brothers, two were dead and one insane. Pioneer Perry lived a batchelor hermit on the lower Sioux Many others were dead or moved away and never where heard from.—and so the list ran.

A bright and warm July day after a few days of wonder seeing in this big Iowa town, I drove out alone in a buckboard rig trying to recognize something familiar along the old Fort Dodge stage trail. The Floyd stream was passed after which a vain look for recognition was had of the old Hunkerford place,—once the outward farm of the environed settlement. Twenty-nine years before I had followed this trail for forty miles with but one sheltered house between, and with the exception of those at the West Fork crossing not a tree or a bush even, to be seen. Nought but immovable billows to view in a great prairie sea. But on this view retrospect, fine farm houses and beautiful groves of green trees were to met with

or noted wherever our greeting eyes turned—the pony's and mine. Over on the West Fork, the very personation of loneliness in frontier days, is a garden now and beautiful to behold. A mile or two down from the old State company stockade, now placidly sits the town of Moville with long trains of loaded cars passing and repassing, signalling their presence in a wreath of smoke or in the loud screech of the steam whistle.

A few miles north-eastward of the West Fork, the abrupt ridges mark a near approach to the Little Sioux valley, proper. Every change from the primitive days of the borderman was noted and every innovation interesting. The sheep flocks, the hog droves the herds of cattle that were feeding upon the hills and vales were once we had roamed in quest of the herd remnants of the elk and the antelope.

A fine, sleeking looking drove of hogs drew my attention. The old fellows of the bunch appeared languid from fat carrying and the little chubby porkers' tails seemed to curl over their backs more proudly than those previously seen along the route, so on noting their care taker had a self satisfied air, I opened up the conversation:

"Well my friend you have a large, healthy looking drove of porkers here."

"Big drove of hogs you say mister," replied the swine herder, "why you ought to see Moon's piggery above Correctionville!"

Passing further up the deep cut roads I noted

a particularly neat farm house with a suitable adjunct of outbuildings with an inticeing looking water trough to a very dry pony. The farmer came out from a nearby building on my approach, and finding him in a talkative mood, I plied him with some questions:

"Your neighbors all look prosperous here," I said, "they must have good bank accounts."

"O, no," replied the farmer, "not many—a few of our people have some money in bank. There is Mr. Moon above Correctionville—he usually has a good many thousands deposited with the banks—but then he is an exception."

A further drive of a half hour or more and I sit rigidly from my seat in the buckboard—and for a moment scanned up and down the valley of the Little Sioux—a stranger to a familiar land. Two lines of railway strung out from a compact town where Fort White had stood. Green trees yet fringed the river and nestled up in the sheltered pockets of the uplands. I made inquiry concerning the farms and was pointed out a magnificant appearing place and fortunately found its proprietor taking his ease in a rocker on the poarch.

I introduced my subject bluntly:

"They tell me you own two thousand acres of land here—and two thousand acres covers a great deal of soil."

"Well, yes," replied the land owner "two thousand acres is all right as far as it goes, but there is Moon above Correctionville, — he has seven thousand acres of land, and all in one body."

Bidding the land owner adieu, I followed along the valley road some distance in parallel lines with the railway grade, then crossing the track and over the iron structure that spanned the Little Sioux river facing Correctionville from the south. As the dull sounds from the pony's hoofs intermingled in the stillness of the air with the gurgling waters, past memories rose unbidden to distress the mind and grate upon the restful heart. Memories with all its fitful shadows of gaiety and gloom—hope and dispair that had marked the day dreams of thirty-three and thirty years before, now again brought vividly to mind at the familiar sight of the stony bed river, the basswood groves and sweet songs of musical birds. Almost unconsciously I had halted on the further arch of the long high bridge and gazed backward and across on the opposite shore as though to catch one more glimpse of the pick-garbed, pale-faced maid, who had once in fancy stood with bared feet upon the marginal waters by rock and brush to reveal some warning events yet to come. This, though but the record of a dream of thirty years gone, its revelation had been faithfully perfect in all detail.

Up the road and on a rise of ground where Fort White had stood. What do we see? No stockade—no turreted bastons—nor a log or a stone even, marked the spot where the frontier fort had stood. Instead, around and about the environed plain nestled a town of 2000 people.

husband that was to have been. It was a case of inexcusable deception on the girl's part as we had rendered judgment then, and much sympathy felt for the young commander for his misplaced confidence. I now inquired of some old timers of the after days of this coquettish woman, and learned she had made a miserable life for herself by her misadventure. A few years of unhappy married life she had been left to shift for herself, with a lot of children to raise and care for.

As author and publisher of two little books one which I was introducing into public and private libraries; had been told by a newspaper editor there, that a banker's wife was treasurer and general manger of Cherokee's public library, and advised my calling on the lady, as perfatory thereto.

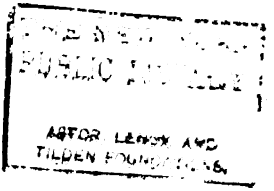
Accordingly, acting on the suggestion, I sauntered wonderingly along a shade-lined boulevard, until coming in front of a beautiful and costly residence that looked the ideal banker's home, and sent up my card to the mistress of this mansion.

"So your book has something to say about early Cherokee history" the lady said, after I had introduced the object of my call, "what is it facts or romance?"

"A little of both, perhaps" I answered.

"I will get your book for the library," she rejoined, "but I guess I was living here in this town before you ever you saw it!"

Then dawned light. Bidding the lady adieu, I passed out under the silver maples, drawing on a nearly forgotten memory of past events, "I have it now" I murmered, softly "I have been talking to this town's first hotel keeper's daughter—to 'mamma's girl' of early Cherokee."


ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN

THE SLUGGISH WATERS OF DOUGLASS RIVER.—See page 81.

OF TWO GRAVES IN THE BLACK HILLS.

DURING the winter of 1869–70, while passing that inclement season among the woodchoppers and adventurers assembled at Toughtimber Point, now Hancock, N. D.— I made acquaintance with a light-limbed Texan cowboy. While born and raised on the plains of Texas, the young man had put in some time among the vineyards of lower California and also a few years in the stock ranges of eastern Oregon. Then an adventurous trip across the mountains of Montana to the headwaters of the Missouri river, with a short sojourn and an inkling of life with the professional wolfers of Milk River Valley. Later he had drifted down the Missouri and became a transient in one of Iowa's famed towns.

While in that city by the watery border, chance lot threw him in the society of a budding maid, the daughter of respected parentage—which in a short time ripened in an affection that ended in marriage. The girl was a native Iowan, blooming into womanhood early, and at the time of her wedding was scarcely more than fourteen years of age.

The young husband had but little of this world's goods, and after short honeymoon, in considering his circumstances, accepted a flatering offer from a venturesome firm, and hired out as cook for the

season nine hundred miles from the starting point in the then unhospitable and vaguely known land, the Painted Woods country of the Upper Missouri, and in the order of distribution was assigned to the lonely woodyard at Toughtimber.

At the yard in the assignment of quarters, lot threw the young Texan and the writer together as room mates and while sitting in front of the evening fire in the cook room, he gradually unfolded his life story and told how his wife was won, and dwelt on the ever to him interesting subject, long and fondly. He anxiously counted the days that would elapse before the great river in front of our stockade would loosen its frozen fetters, and pleasantly anticipated the time when from the hurricane deck of a returning steamer he might get welcome sight of the city that contained,—as he tenderly expressed it—"the finest little woman in the world."

Like many others born and raised beyond the line of schools on the Texan frontier border, this young man could neither read nor write in the simplest English. Now, of all times, he felt the needs of chirographic communication most. There were hundred of miles of frozen plains between him and his wife, it was true, yet as isolated as our woodyard was, eastern mail reached our door only one week old. The delicate duty, therefore, of reading and writing answers confiding letters between husband and wife fell to my lot as the sequence of the Texan's neglected education.

As the sun grew higher in the heavens in its daily evolutionary course of planet movements, and glad spring was being welcomed by the faithful little harbinger of warmer days—the soft-chirping chickadee of the woodland, a new theme occupied a large space in the young wife's letters to her husband. She was about to become a mother and her hopes and fears for the event give pathos to its wording, and in angelic tenderness begged that her husband might be with her in the supreme hour. Thus closed the correspondence as far as the third party was concerned but the recollection of those tender epistles from the girl wife to her absent husband remain as fresh in mind as a memory of yesterday.

The summer following, the writer of these lines chased up and down the great valley in the vicinity of the Fort Buford country, bracing up with the exhilerating and pleasurable excitement of the almost daily send off, in Indian scares with the astute Sitting Bull and sardonic Long Dog as the dread faced Jack-in the-boxes that spring themselves out from the clumps of sage brush or grease wood that mark the wallows and washouts of the plains surrounding the showy frontier fort which bore the honored name of a New Jersey cavalry leader of the civil war.

At the beginning of Autumn, some nine of a party started out in an open boat from Fort Buford in charge of a deputy marshal as witnesses in a United States court case at Yankton, the then

capital of the Territory—over a thousands miles by the river's course. As we drifted along on our lengthy trip we touched at woodyard, post and Indian camp, until the familiar fort was reached that sat so handsomely on the yellow plain below the sluggish waters of Douglass river. Down toward the boat landing we slowly drifed along the cut bar, thence to the tie-up.

Among the first acquaintances that came down from the fort to greet us was the young Texan. He was a happy man. His wife and babe was with him at the post, he told us, and he had the post commander's permission to run an eating restaurant in connection with the post trader's store.

"You must come up and see us" he said cheerily to the writer, "She knows you now; I told her all about the letters."

We then started up to the fort by the "water road" crossing the Garrison creek bridge to the new restaurant west of the officers quarters. On our way along a painful item of news was imparted to the Texan. A subpœne was served on him to appear with the rest of us at Yankton. He rallied, but with a sad attempt at gaiety presented us to his wife. She was a very beautiful blonde, and with a neatly dressed, romping child in her arms, heightened the color of a pretty picture. The shade that was thown across it happily for us, was reserved for our departure. The parting scene between this young couple, we did not see.—Neither did we wish to see. In being left with

her tender babe behind,—she would have neither father or mother husband or brother to protect her now. Here was a libertine's opportunity,—and also a coward's. There is but little more to say. A tongue of deceit—a subtle drug—a trumpted up situation—and darkness and despair for this child wife.

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A personal friend of the chronicler of these pages had occasion to pass some years of his life in the Black Hills immediately after the in-rush of miners and adventurers succeeding the Custer expedition of 1874. Among the incidents of the early days of Deadwood, the chief town there, this friend related the closing account of a life wreck. The story pitiful as it was, might have passed my mind as many another of its like had done, but some personal recollections of an earlier day—and to the poor victim a purer and surely a happier one, gives painful interest in telling this plain truthful story that I here narrate, curtailed somewhat in order of abrievıation from the verbal to writing.

The verbal narrator told how, one wintry day he had received information while walking along Deadwood's primitive thoroughfare, that a young woman, with scant means was either dead or dying in a lowly miner's cabin near the outskirts of the town. Thinking over the circumstances of her past life—for he, too, had known her long and well—induced him to go search that he might find her, and if not already dead contribute something for comfort in her dying hour.

She was not dead but her last hour had come. On a regulation miner's "bunk" with a few tattered quilts, within a close room scant of furnishings lay the young woman, with the pallor of death fast spreading over her emaciated features.

On a chair at the bedside of the dying girl sat an attendent—a female of another race,—who although faults they may have—yet for unselfish ministrations to the sick and unfortunate, the Aunt Sally's and Aunt Dinah's of the colored race occupy a distinction gratefully acknowledged by the unprejudiced everywhere.

Among the scant trappings surrounding the sick woman lay a letter which she had evidently received from some one in answer to her asking for financial aid. The short answer had told of its failure:—"Your brother says he has no sister."

On a shelf with some half emptied bottles of medicine, lay a well thummed copy of "McLeod of Dare," and a page marker toward the last of the book, which place the faithful nurse told my informant, that her patient had been frequently reading before she had become so weakened by sickness as to be unable to hold the little book in her hands. The marker rested on the closing death scene of Black's hero and evidently reflected the state of her mind at the time:

"King Death was a rare old fellow,
He sat where no sun could shine;
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out his coal-black wine!

There came to him many a maiden,
Whose eyes had forgot to shine,
And widows with grief o'er laden,
For draught of his sleepy wine!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

* * * * * * * * *

All came to the rare old fellow,
Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,
As he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them, in Death's black wine!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the coal-black wine!"

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ONE day toward the latter part of May, 1883, while working on a piece of government land near Painted Woods, N. D., endeavoring to secure private title by following the intent of the law as to the planting and cultivation of young trees, my attention was called to the approach of a man coming from the river, making directly for the place where I was at work. It proved to be Sunda, (or at least that is what we will call him in this chronicle,) a hunter, trapper, scout and Indian fighter of more than passing repute in a country where the the lens of the revolving kaleidescope are ever turning over in the jumble of the crescents, some act of heroism or mark that bring sudden and sometimes bewildering fame to the border adventurer.

The man before me was an old acquaintance and our recognition was mutual, although nine years had passed since as camp partners on the trap line we had parted on White Earth river, and only once

after, sixteen months later at Scott's woodyard below the Yellowstone's mouth, I had bid him a last adieu until this meet at the tree claim.

It was at Scott's yard shortly after our interview there that Sunda made his reputation as a very quick and dead shot in shooting a sneaking hostile who was drawing bead on unsuspecting Deacon Hemmingway while the latter was chopping cord-wood for Scott in a grove near the prairie. The crack of the hunter's rifle and the falling of a red painted Indian from behind a tree was the first intimation the startled Deacon had of his danger.

The next I heard of the hunter was a year later on Yellowstone river where a shot from his rifle had penetrated the supposed invulnerable body of a hostile Sioux medicine man. The warrior was making a "holy show" of himself with an idea, evidently, of encouraging his more timid companions to openly attack the crew of a steamboat while the vessel was "hugging the shore."

Still later I had heard that this quandam partner of mine had visited Bismarck, and after equipping for the northern buffalo grounds; hired a boy, and secured a young woman from "across the track," for campkeeper, and when all was made ready had taken the train west for Glendive, and through a newspaper clipping from that point, I learned that this strangely selected party of hide hunters were in among the last of the northern buffalo herd and that Sunda had brought down 7000 buffalo hides as the result of the first winter's shoot the product, mostly, of his own rifle.

Upon the occasion of this meet at the tree claim, after first greeting, we walked back to the old log stockade where as two of a party of three we had had made winter camp during cold days of the months of January and February 1874. Of course after so long an absence on different lines we had mutual queries to ask, but it was not until after the red sun had sunk behind the high ridges of Oliver county that the hunter guest began to tell of the events at Redwater preceeding the extermination of the last of that magnificant band of buffalo denominated the northern herd.

Time and place have much to do with the impress of a story. A cabin surrounded with giant cottonwoods just putting forth their pea green leaves; songs in various notes and cadence from the throats of a thousand happy birds celebrating safe arrival in their summer nesting grounds; air laden with the fragrance of bursting buds and a light breeze wafting from the river sounds of the waters' rush by sand bar and sawyer. A propitious hour, surely. for song or story.

Sunda said he would tell all about the girl he had taken west from Bismarck if I had patience to give attention. In answer said I was but too glad to hear all he choose to tell. Introducing his subject, said, the young woman had come up from Kansas City on a river steamer. As a native of Jackson county Missouri, the hiding place and headquarters of several desperate gangs of bushwackers during civil war times, and with such sur-

roundings and invironment, and while yet a little girl, she had witnessed the cruel, inexcusible and violent death of her father from their hands, and knew that she had lost a brother also through their bloody work. Following this she met with betrayal from one who should have been her protector; had found deceit where true affection should have reigned, and being inexperienced in the ways of this selfish world had fallen by the wayside.

My friend the hunter was a fine specimen of the physical man. His age at this time was twenty five years. To his question would she go with him to the buffalo grounds, her answer "I will go with you any where" told of her true nature hoping for the best. For two years she shared every discomfort with her consort on the open range. The howling blizzards, the lurking war party the veering of stampeding buffalo herds brought no wavering of her loyalty—no word of complaint. She was with the man she loved and if he choose to be there in savage squalor—it was her place also. Twice only he had seen her in tears. The boy who had formed the trio accidently shot himself and she tore strips from her dress to staunch the flow of blood from the dying boy. When the lad was dead she sat down and cried as if her heart would break. She would take the place of the absent mother,—she said, as far as in her power, and do the best that could be done for the dead in that wintry wilderness.

But the last of the buffalo were shot down cold. Sunda alone had killed 10,000. His th oughts took a restless turn. His mind wandered to the broad Chesapeake the home of his boyhood. He became irritable in camp though his brave partner must have noticed the change her poor, palpitating heart refused to yield. Every rebuff was met by pleading eyes. But the hunter finally brought his courage to bear and he told her the state of his mind. As her share for the indurance of two years hardship he tendered the twice betrayed girl $1000 and at the same time frankly told this loyal consort the time had now come for them to part forever.

"Sunda, I love the ground you walk on," she replied "but if you don't want me I'll not follow you—I am too proud for that." Then holding up the roll of money, she continued;—"When this is gone I am gone.". With these words and a burst of tears she was away.

Some months after this Sunda, received a letter from a friend in Deadwood describing the tragic end of a girl in a public dance hall. It was at the close of a quadrille amidst the dying strains of music, a richly dressed girl rushed out to the centre of the hall, drew a pistol and fired a bullet through her heart before she could be reached. A newspaper slip gave after particulars. In the paragraph mention was made of the rich dress and glittering jewels that adorned the person of the suicide but that no money was found about her. From the description of some mementoes found among her belongings, Sunda knew the dead girl and his consort of the Redwater was one and the same. It

was now too late to make amends and too slow to realize that henceforth his heart was buried to the world and would linger only for the memory of one who had given up her life that she might forget the ingratitude of her heart's chosen one.

Sunda had been setting in the cabin door while reciting his story—and at its close the beams of the sitting moon falling full in his face disclosed tears like glistening beads chasing each other down this strong man's cheeks. Oppressive silence followed within and without. The lively birds had hours before ceased their chirping and twittering among the trees about us and the branches that had rubbed and swayed with the breeze of the day were calm and at rest. Without further words the hunter rolled up in his blankets and soon after his troubled conscience and aching heart was soothed in refreshing slumber—if not in pleasant dreams.

DAN. WILLIAMS,
First Warden Bismarck Penitentiary.

THE BISMARCK PENITENTIARY.

SOMETIME during the winter of 1886, the writer of these sketches accepted an invitation for a few days visit to the North Dakota Penitentiary. The institution is located within a mile of Bismarck, the State capital, and directly along the main line of the Northern Pacific Railway. The invitation had come from Dan Williams first warden of the institution and who gave seven years creditable service as its first officer. And thus was I urshered within these grim walls of rock and iron.

Penitentaries have but little interest to the living world except as places to keep away from, and only the morbidly curious or those interested in some relative or friend behind the iron gates are to be found among the registered list of visitors, and as a consequence there is no ban to intrusion when not in interferance with the strict decipline which must never be relaxed or lost sight of about a penal institution.

The Bismarck penitentiary was built in the year 1885, and consequently at the time of my visit everything about the premises was neat and clean with an air of freshness prevading thereabout. It is said a preceptible feeling of incomprehensible gloom prevade the mind within the walls of an

aged prison—a reflex as it were of the brooding minds and aching hearts whose impress were left within the sunless walls that had environed them. As old nurses or attendants at asylums for the insane are known to frequently become maniacs themselves through some strange transmission or contagion, so too, attendants and keepers of prisons by some mysterious influence loose mental balance and, in after time are controlled by criminal instincts strangely at variance with their former action and which frequently ends in a suicide's grave or a felon's cell.

A life sentence within penitentiary walls is but a life burial to the unhappy mortal whose transgression or misfortune forced it. Old acquaintances fall away and forget or class him with the dead and in his isolation, has no chance to form new ones. He seldom sees the sun moon and stars. No pure fresh air; no green grass; no leafy foliage; no beautiful flowers save those oderless ones upon the casements about the naked prison walls.

Some months before my visit to the Bismarck institution there had been a young attorney from a neighboring State, incarcerated and serving time in the Sioux Falls penitentiary,—and had been placed there through the instrumentality of his wife,—a heartless and extravagant woman who had sought this means of ridding herself of her husband for another she had already selected. The laws of the State gave her the right of divorce

through the courts, and chance,—opportunity and inherent depravity and subversion of her better self—did the rest.

During my short stay at the Bismarck penitentiary a case just the opposite of the above came under my observation which offset the discredit brought on the sex, and wifely loyalty by the Sioux Falls woman. A young man convicted of homicide and sentenced to four years hard labor within its uninviting walls. He had some time before his trouble married a most estimable young and beautiful girl, the petted daughter of wealthy parents and of high social position in the Hawkeye state. From the hour of the beginning of her husband's misfortune, she devoted her whole time and a large portion of her wealth to save her youthful husband from conviction in the court and failing, hung about the cage of her imprisoned mate as would a bluebird or robin red breast, ever ready to minister to his wants and prove her unselfish devotion save when the cold hand of discipline and the stern and rigid rules of the prison forbade. Through her husband's good behavior and her own persistent efforts in his behalf she was rewarded at last. A change in public opinion gave opportunity for the acting governor to extend his clemency, so a full pardon was heartily approved, and the now happy young lady led forth her husband, past barred windows and iron doors, a free man. The glad wish of all who were witnesses to the closing act of this drama went to the young people, and the hope of those whose

hearts were enlisted, that this young husband would never again give occasion to so try the devotion of his faithful wife.

There is seldom a conviction of a criminal but what entails suffering more or less upon his or her innocent family or friends. It is the thought of this—even under dire distress or great provocation—that often stay the arm of the passionate or revengefully disposed But, then again, there are those blinded to all consequences—the blow was struck—the deed was done, and scenes like the following that came under my observation during this visit, is too often in line with the aftermath:

A young man from the eastern part of the State had been convicted for manslaughter and sentenced to twelve years hard labor in the the penitentiary. His uncle was the head of one of the most widely known of Minnesota business houses and his father, too was a wealthy and influential man. His social position was also of high order. Famous and high priced lawyers had been retained at great expense, yet thanks to an honest jury and an upright judge, justice in this particular case was not altogether thwarted. He was now in convict's garb, and the venerable careworn old father had come to bid him good-bye. It was Sunday, and services were going on,—the prison choir commenced to sing, accompanied by the solemn toned organ,—

"Do they miss me at home—do they miss me
'T would be an assurance most dear,

To know that this moment some loved one,
Were saying I wish he were here?
To feel that the group at the fireside,
Were thinking of me as I roam,
Oh, yes 'twould be joy beyond measure
To know that they miss at me home.

When twilight approaches, the season
That ever is sacred to song,
Does some one repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long?
And is there a chord in the music,
That's missed when my voice is away.
And a chord in each heart that awaketh
Regret at my wearisome stay?

* * * * * *

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me
At morning, at noon, or at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade round them,
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is missed from the circle,
Because I am with them no more?

The sad tones of the organ seemed to go to the father's heart, for after casting his eye upon the troubled features of his boy he turned his face to the wall and burst into a flood of tears. "Oh, am I crazy,—oh, am I crazy," he said as he rocked his body to and fro in mental anguish. I could stand it no longer and passed out of the room.

Early one morning a letter came up for the warden's inspection from the cell room. It was from a convict who said in substance that this was

his second term in prison, that his father had died in jail, that his mother was now serving at Joliet, and that his only brother was also serving a long term at Fort Madison, Iowa.

"I am bred and born a thief," he went on, and if free to-morrow I could not help stealing. As I am no use and all harm in the world, I may as well die, and to that end have pounded up and swallowed nearly a pint of glass There is no help for me now. If there is a hell and I go there it will make but little difference if I go sooner than I might. If there is a heaven and I go there, the sooner I go the better. And if there is neither heaven nor hell, it will make no difference anyhow."

The warden instantly telephoned for the prison physician, and with a deputy warden hastened down to the cell with a quart of oil, pried open the jaws of the would be suicide, and poured the contents down his throat. By a miricle his life was saved, though he had to be closely watched from making another attempt when an opportunity presented. In searching the prisoner's cell nothing particular was found. The last two verses of Cowper's "Castaway" were pinned on the wall. The Castaway, it will be remembered, was the last production during the last lucid interval of that unfortunate poet. We quote the two verses:

"I therefore purpose not or dream,
Discanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme

A more enduring date;
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.
"No voice divine the storm allay'd,
No light propitious shone,
When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
We perish'd, each alone;
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he."

Among the outside of gate or trusty prisoners was one Mike Finnegan, with a face of Hibernian cast. Michael's acquintance was not difficult to acquire, nor was he backward in exploiting on the misadventure that caused him to "do time" in the penitentiary. He had been "put over the road," he said by way of apology or explanation, for "unloosning Teddy Roosevelt's skiff." He explained further that himself and partner had made a miscalculation and supposed the nervy New Yorker was an ordinary eastern tenderfoot, and if he missed his nicely painted blue boat on a stormy day, would wait for the weather to clear up before the drifts were examined down stream.

"But that's where our miscalculation come in," went on the verboose Finnegan, "You see we wanted to trap and shoot beaver while the Little Missouri was in flood, and didn't have much of a boat, so concluded to swap sight-unseen with this Medora ranchman. Of course it was night and we couldn't see—and the owner was in his dreams. Well the worst storm I ever got caught out in rounded us in at the mouth of Cherry, and we

went into camp. My! how it snowed and the wind howled 'We're all right here Bully Boy, said my pard, and I thought the same thing—without talking. Supprised you might say—wasn't we though— when that d———d New Yorker covered us with his guns for a hands up. What could we do with our flukes wet and full of mud, our clothes ringing wet and minds preoccupied. What would you have done? The New Yorker got the best of us—and here I am."

LONG DOG,

Sioux–Aricaree Bandit Chief who ranged along the upper Missouri during the Seventies.

FROM WEST TO EAST.

AFTER having watched from the galleries of the hall of Representatives, the proceedings of the North Dakota constitutional convention from the opening to the closing day, in July, 1889, I prepared for a long projected trip to the Atlantic's coast lands after an absence of twenty-two years, nearly the whole of which time had been passed in isolation on the plains or woodlands of the Dakotas. It was, therefore with a strange, half forsaken feeling, when I took a seat in an eastern bound passenger train at the Bismarck depot at the hour of midnight, and passed swiftly from the sleeping city, and through long stretches of silent, sparcely settled prairies. Jamestown at the crossing of the historic old Riviere Jaques, is passed at sunrise, then Sanborn, next Valley City and later on the broad expanse of the Red River Valley, the greatest wheat growing district in the world. On eastward the train surges and thumps until the beautiful Detroit Lake is seen—the dividing line between the timber and prairie lands. Brainard on the Mississippi is reached; cars and directions are changed, and the train glides like a section serpent through the dark forests of pine and tamarack that mark the country bordering Lake Superior the greatest of

our inland lakes. A few isolated lumbermen; some railroad employes scattered at intervals along the route, and here and there the brush lodge of a forlorn group of the red Chippeways gave the scenes a variable turn as we were hurled along until sighting the vast watery expanse, and the life and bustle of the "Zenith city of the unsalted seas."

Another day, and as passenger on the fine steamer China, we were plowing the pine tinted bosom of the largest chain of fresh water lakes in the world. Familiar, as I had been as a seeker of information concerning this region—had delighted in tracing the details of early explorations and the varied careers of its first explorers, my imaginative ideal of the country as dreamed over fell far short of the real as actually observed. Eleven hundred miles by fast steamer—traveling night and day, sometimes out of sight of land, and even then stopped short of the terminal of the lakes' chain. The hottest days of July and August never change the temperture of the deep waters of Lake Superior —always ice cold. Heavy pine forests line its shores, and as we skirted the American side some lurid conflagrations were in sight and dense clouds of black smoke enveloped us as we moved swiftly along. Mackanaw, old St. Mary's and other places of historic interest were carefully scanned, and the changes from early historic times noted.

As the boat meandered through the narrow bed of the St. Clair river highly cultivated farms were seen on either bank; but more beautiful to me

than stately mansions or rows of tasseled corn were the little low limbed broad leafed apple trees the sight of one I had not witnessed in twenty-two years. Passing Port Huron; passing British Sarnia; passing historic old Detroit, and the boisterous waters of Lake Erie is reached. On sped the China signaling passing vessels by night and by day. Erie city is reached and passed; Cleveland is passed, and on the seventh day the port of Buffalo city is entered; the steamer abandoned, and an enjoyable trip ended—and the only regretable incidents while in the good steamer's care were the blackmailing insolence of its porters.

Another ride in the cars and a stop for a day's recreation around the shores of Canandiaguai, one of the most picturesque of the many beautiful lakes in western New York. Then, again riding behind the screeching locomotive, passing the lights of queenly Elmira at the midnight hour thence down the deep cut valleys of the forest-lined Susquehanna until Pennsylvania's capitol came in sight—thence through the rich farm lands of the "Pennsylvania Dutch," the thriftiest of America's farmers and people as a class who love the comforts of home life as glimpses from the car window reveals the plain and unpretentious though roomy dwellings, large barns, numerous outbuildings and cleanly cultivated fields and gardens. Through Lancaster and across the stagnant Conestoga, the swift Octorara, the stony bedded, bubble-chasing Brandywine, when West Chester, the Athens of the Keystone State is reached. Here, twenty-

eight and thirty years before, the writer, as a hopeful typo labored on the old Chester County Times, long since among the grand array of newspaper "has beens." The town then as now the county capital—but in those days a model little town of 3,000 people now numbering 15,000. Then the town had four modest weekly papers—now three ambitious dailies, and some half dozen weeklies to prod them along. On the morning of my arrival in West Chester, a reporter noting a contractor's crew on the construction works of a railroad entering the town, after explaining in his paper that in nativity most of the crew were either Italians or Hungarians asked in wonderment, "Where are the Irish? Twenty years ago the railroad construction crews were Irish, now you seldom see one on the works." I could not answer then, I was a strange there. But I could have answered a little later on after having made a few trips across the county, where the railroading Irish were. They were in possession of some of the best of the Quakers' farms.

Across the county by easy rambles presents new scenes and recalls almost forgotten events of an earlier day. Passing along roads lined and shaded with cherry, apple, peach, pear and the tall chestnut; beautiful gardens and conservatories filled with ferns and flowers, and fields of tasseled corn and sweet smelling "second" clover entice the strolling reviewer in tireless walks. Passing gloomy Longwood and its associations; passing Bayard Taylor's Cedercroft mansion—silent now,

almost as a churchyard. Down along Toughkenamon hills, in whose primitive groves the writer in boyhood days "played Indian" by camping out amid leafy boughs or fishing around the old stone bridge. How changed in thirty years! Two railroads intersecting here—two towns, marble, stone, lime and kaolen quarries. On down over the hills of New London where the old brick academy stands as unadorned as in the earlier days of our disciplined, student career there.

Down among the laurel crowned hills of the Elk creeks that send their clarified waters into the broad, briny, Chesapeake bay. Among these hills and vales, we rest. Here, memory, kind or unkind, in shifting moods, bid us linger. Changes in forty years! The hills and valleys, creeks and rivulets remain much the same; but in places hills shorn of their timber cover; old homesteads either remodeled, or been blotted out altogether and succeeded in many cases by more pretentious edifices and strange designs that mark the wealth of some new owner; but more often the case, smaller and less pretensious dwellings dotted about here and there that record the subdivided farms. The chubby faced school boy and his dimple faced, rosy cheeked companion, have reached the time of wrinkles and grey hairs, while their places at the scholars desk or under the swinging vine is occupied as of yore, and laughter, tears and song are heard on the school's play ground with the same hilarity or pathos, as forty years before. But save now and then a whitened head,

the man and matron of middle life of our boyhood days, have passed to the narrow enclosure that mark the silent city of the sepulchered dead.

Though a prosaic land and prosaic people, the robed chameleon of romance, here as elsewhere, tinge the lives of those who have became drawn into the charmed vortex of its mysteries. Over on the Maryland side of the State line lived an old couple. Being childless, they were solicited by members of an orphans' aid society to undertake the care of two little waifs that had been abandoned to the world's mercy and rescued as foundlings in the streets of the great city by the river Delaware. The charitable kind hearted old folks accepted the trust, and the children though at first when thrown in each others company were strangers, learned to be inseparable in their friendship. The foster parents were kind, the children grateful. Work around the farm was light in their more tender years and they had the advantages of regularly attending an excellent neighborhood school. As the children grew up together they not only learned to respect and love their foster parents but to adore each other, At the time of the writer's visit the boy and girl now man and woman grown, still cling to the old homestead, which they had beautified and adorned. They had been dutiful children loyal in devotion to the unselfish benefactors, and when life's evening closed calmly around the good foster parents; they gave the youthful pair their blessing, had enjoined them to wedlock and willed them the farm

On the Pennsylvania side of the state line and within less than a mile of the homestead we have described, lived another kindly pair, well up in years, and childless, also. This farm, too, was beautifully located on the foggy lined banks of the Little Elk creek. The farm house surroundings were shaded with orchards of apple, cherry, peach and pear trees. Groves of walnut, chestnut, stately populars and spotted barked butternuts side the creek boundaries. In summer days the garden walks lined with flowers which out from their sweet fragrant bulbs and the white clover lawn, gave joy to the industrious honey bees that were domiciled in a circle of hives on benches within the garden enclosure.

An orphan's aid society, here, too visited as a promising field, and had prevailed upon this good couple to take to their home a little girl waif,—a tiny drift as it were, from the great human stream pouring out from the "city of brotherly love." Never could a homeless child have fallen in gentler hands than this blue eyed delicate babe, when it came to the home of the guileless, tender hearted farmer and wife. A pretty face, a sunny temper, she brought joy and sunshine with her entry into the home of her "new papa and mamma," as in exhuberance of childish glee she named her loving guardians.

In quiet and peace the early years sped on in this orphan girl's home on the Elk farm. No child of fortune could have been more petted, though to others the gorgeous show of wealth

might have been lavished with more prodigal hands. Such was the little maid's life until she reached her fifteenth year, She grew up a fragile, delicate blond, "a shy, demure appearing little Quakeress,"—her neighbors said,—when they told me the story.

Across the creek, less than a mile away from the little girl's home lived another neighbor—good kind old souls that the writer remembers intimately from his earliest day. The man, his wife and their family of children owned and cultivated a little farm the right and title to which they had earned by economy and hard work. One of the two boys of the family was employed by the neighbors whom we have just discribed, and it was in this way and during trips to school in which both traveled the same beaten path across lots, that a friendly intimacy sprang up between the rugged lad and the little blond maid from over the way. Thoughtful, kind acts; lugging her dinner pail or books, won its way by degrees until she regarded his presence a pleasure either in public gathering or in the quiet duties of the farm. Attentions begun in this way so often follow along the line of natural law, that drifts into the inexplicable depths of the very soul of being, beyond the rescue of, and where the power of mind avail not.

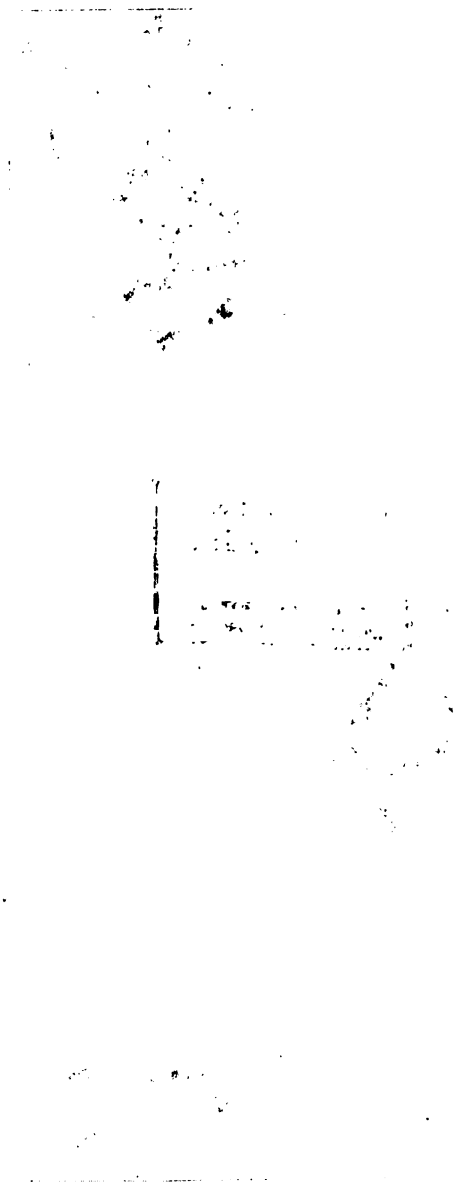
The fragile, gentle minded girl, lonely from absence of childish companionship, in the nature of the sympathetic heart, would entwine with a tightening coil the object of her girlish adoration. The brawny, roistering boy with the inexperience

of youth, ignorant of the subtlery of the world's manifold ways, could not have given much heed, but the girl, unaware perhaps, or unable to stay the promptings of a tender heart had centered her affection on the farmer lad, and in the trancience of mesmeric swiftness, had passed out of her reach or recall. An uncontrollable yearning for the lad's presence, the subtle undefinable gratings in her breast, and every fanciful slight from her boy lover, threw her in morbid repinings, and all the kindness and care of her foster parents could not rescue her from a lethergic state of mind into which she had drifted. The bright lustre of the eyes, the hectic, flushed cheeks, spells of melancholy that marked the girl's condition hastens our story to its end.

The parents of the young man, (for time was passing,) had intervened. He was sent out in a western state and asked to live and forget, while it is said the girl was frankly told that her unknown parentage was the abrupt and unscalable barrier that must end forever her hopes of becoming "John's wife." It was even said that John, himself, long before, had unguardedly told her the same, and this was the dead secret eating her life away, though she had striven so hard to forget it.

The young man was obedient to his parents; forgot all, and married in the west But this information was kept from the stricken and deserted girl. Her time on earth was short now. To every greeting by kind neighbors she would perface her remarks: "Has John come," or

"Why don't he come to me, I am so lonely?" Evasive replies fell heedless. She was hoping against hope. In her sick room when unable from weakness to arise from her bed she asked to have her pillows so arranged that she could look out of the window to "see John a coming." Out of the window she peered day after day across the woodland strip that divided the farms. One by one, the yellow, seared leaves dropped from the intervening trees; the neighboring house came in view through the naked branches, but no familiar figure was seen, or no familiar footsteps heard along this pathway, and weary with watching and tired out with ceaseless waiting the drooping girl sank exhausted in her last, long sleep.



BAD LANDS NEAR OLD FORT BERTHOLD.

LITTLE BEAR WOMAN.

SUCH of our readers who may have perused a copy of FONTIER AND INDIAN LIFE, will remember in a passage in the sketch,—The Letter in Cipher,—some account of the murder of Carlos Reider, but more familiarly known among his English speaking acquaintances as Charley Reeder, a German woodyard proprietor in the lower Painted Woods of the Upper Missouri Valley. The tragedy happened at Reeder's stockaded cabin near the river's east bank, opposite to the present site of Mercer's ranch, on the morning of the 11th day of June, 1870.

At the time of his death, Reeder was married —in the Indian way—to an Aricaree-Mandan dame, from which union a girl babe came forth to draw their mutual love, and at the time of her father's death the child was about four years old. The Aricaree name given to the little girl—Pahnonee Talka, or as interpreted into the English tongue—Prairie White Rose,—but in the order of abbreviation, she was called plain Rosa by her fond father.

In memory of the air castles in which Reeder had enthroned his child in his moments of good cheer and happy day dreams in that cabin among the painted trees—and before cruel fate and evil

passions sent him to realms of the unknown— the writer of these lines felt himself interested enough in the child's welfare to try and have her parent consent to starting the little one off with the first batch of red children sent to the Indian schools at Carlisle and Hampton Roads. But the mother —through lack of confidence in the outcome— was prejudiced and obstinate and thus the matter ended.

With the closing out of a trapper's life the necessity of the writer's frequent visits to the Aricaree Indian camp at old Fort Berthold had ended, and it was only occassionally after that date I could hear from mother and child. Had learned that at the age of thirteen or fourteen, the girl married a young Aricaree, whose principal characteristics, as I remember him, was of the dudish order and who seemed to give more thought to the niceties of personal appearance than the practical affairs of everyday life, and as a sequence, although taking a "land in severaly" claim on the bench land facing the coulee of Four Bears and builded himself a house--its construction followed in discriptive text the home of the Arkansas traveler. As a consequence an early winter storm caught them unprepared to withstand its Arctic fury, and as sequel to all, the child wife was found in the throes of childbirth, in isolation and with bitter cold to indure. Rosa's mother had but recently been buried, and none but a decrepit old grandmother was with the child matron to see a little duaghter born and the young mother die.

Here my information about the mishaps of the Reeder family had closed. But after returning to North Dakota in the spring of 1892, from an eastern tour of some years duration, I made a trip to the new Indian Agency at Elbowoods. On the return early in May, was caught in a furious snow storm, and in blindness, myself and pony half famished bumped up against an Indian house near the bluff opening at the Coulee of Four Bears. The domicile was occupied by Medicine Shield, an hospitable Aricaree and his venerable helpmate who prided herself in being a sister of John Grass, a leader among his people and Chief Justice of the Sioux nation. This woman had native intelligence of a high degree and an extraordinary memory for details, some of which have already appeared in various items of historic interest, in preceeding pages of this work for its reader's edification.

During my comfortable stay there, shielded from adverse elements without, I gleaned much passing information of some local happenings during my many years absence from the Aricarees. Among other particulars the story of the Reeder family was brought out in detail, and was told that if I would sometime call at the large school building at Elbowoods, Reeder's granddaughter could be seen there. On my next visit to that place, through courtesy of Superintendent Gates of the Agency boarding school, I was shown a pleasant, olive faced little girl, known to that institute as Lottie Styles, and in a later visit

the Superintendent supplemented his interest in the writer's curiousity, by having the young Miss brush up her hair and stand upon the green for a glance at the camera.

While watching this blithesome little maid upon the prairie sward, dressed so nattily,—all smiles and all sunshine,—my mind went back to the spring snow storm of five years before, when Medicine Shield's wife had told me for the first time the early child life of Little Bear Woman, and remembering it well, felt pleased now to bear witness to the evolving contrast.

In her story of these intervening days, the Medicine Shield woman said at that time among the Aricarees, deaths were both frequent and numerous, and that the sudden passing away of Mrs. Reeder and her daughter Rosa, was almost unnoticed among members of their tribe. The shriveled and nearly sightless great grandmother to Rosa's child—herself neglected by her kindred in her old age and decrepitude, and apparently forsaken by all the living world— took her precious charge wrapped in bits of blankets to an abandoned and almost uninhabitable dirt covered lodge situated among the fast disappearing group of decaying habitations that marked the site of the last village connecting the Mandans, Gros Ventres and Aricarees with the associations of their dreamy past.

Cooped in her dark corner, as the days passed one upon another, this broken belldame with the precious mite of inheritance bundled in her lap—

LITTLE BEAR WOMAN.

sat in silence save now and then a plaintive native ditty that came from lips of parfleshe, to quiet the restless babe. Her palsied arms swaying to and fro served as cradle, rocking baby to sleep in its fitfull periods of unrest, and anon her fleshless and withered hands smoothed the fevered infant's cheeks in sickness, or caliced and bony fingers stroked down its temples in the glow of health. The tattered couch of discarded rags that could no longer be used by the young and the proud, had been idly tossed to her for such comfort as could be made of them for herself and the little pinched faced elf, that she hugged so tenderly to her cold bosom. From her nest of gloom and shabby poverty the old woman's mind often wandered to other scenes of her own young girl life at old Fort Clark, or along the banks of Rees Own River. Through the cracks and crevices of her mouldy lodge roof, she beheld the great firmanent and found a name for the nestling babe—Plenty of Stars,—although the unkempt hair and dirty face that greeted the child's first toddling into the presence of gamins of adjoining lodges, earned for itself from her teasers the sobriquet—Little Bear Woman.

As time sped slowly on giving strength to the young and bringing weakness to the aged, in this lowly home of the Aricaree quarter, there came a day when out from cold and clammy arms a healthy, though tear-stained little brunette maid was lifted up and away by interested though tardy helpers, for the chastened spirit of the good old

soul that had watched over Little Bear Woman so lovingly and so tenderly, had gone forth to join the happy villagers in shadowy lands where hunger, neglect and distress are unknown, and age not counted.